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OBSERVATIONS
ON THE COASTS OF
HAMPSHIRE, SUSSEX, AND KENT,

RELATIVE CHIEFLY TO
PICTURESQUE BEAUTY:

MADE IN THE SUMMER OF THE YEAR 1774.

By the late WILLIAM GILPIN, M. A.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY,
AND VICAR OF BOLDRE NEAR LYMINGTON.

PUBLISHED BY HIS TRUSTEES,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF HIS SCHOOL AT BOLDRE.

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1804.



THE following Observations make part of the unpublished works of the late Reverend William Gilpin, vicar of Boldre; which, by a codicil to his will, he left to five Trustees, for the support of the Parish-school which he has there founded.*

With the original copy of these observations the trustees have found the fragment of a dedication, intended to accompany the work. It was written when his beloved wife, labouring under a severe bodily affliction, was threatened with immediate dissolution. At this time, when his mind was wholly occupied by an object so tenderly interesting it is probable he felt some consolation in turning, his thoughts to the desire she had formerly expressed of having their names united in one of their journies. And under that impression he began a dedication which he left unfinished. She has had the misfortune to survive him. The sentiments of the fragment are, however, so expressive

* For an Account of the School, see Mr. Gilpin's Two Essays on his Mode of executing Rough Sketches, &c. lately published.

pressive of the kind and affectionate disposition of their departed friend, and so descriptive of his feelings with regard to his companion through life, that the Trustees do not feel themselves authorized to withhold the publication of it, even in its imperfect state.

“This little journey is inscribed to the blessed memory of her who accompanied me both in it, and in several other journies through England, and wished to have our names united in one of them. These were journies of little moment ; but in one of more importance she was a constant and most invaluable companion. It was a journey extending through a period of more than fifty years. In a journey of this length through this troublesome world, it may be supposed that a variety of accidents fell out ; to all of which the energy of her mind was generally equal. She had a heart for friendship. Sincerity and affection were its chief features ; and her prudence rarely gave an advantage to accident.—But her heart was too large to grasp only private objects. Her benevolence” — — — *The reader will probably regret that the manuscript terminates here.*

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OBSER.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE COASTS OF

HAMPSHIRE, SUSSEX, AND KENT,

&c. &c. &c.

SECTION I.

Water essential in landscape—its several uses—forest scenery, and ruins excepted—river scenery—lake scenery—sea-coast views—their distinct characters—grand ideas which belong to coast views—coast of England compared with those of Norway and the Mediterranean—how a coast view should best be taken.

THE value of water in landscape arises both from its *own beauty*, and its use in *composition*. Its resplendency—its lights and shadows—its reflections—and the variety of its surface, when calm, ruffled, or agitated, are all circumstances of *innate beauty*. In *composition* it is accommodating to various objects. It opposes a flat surface to a pro-

minent one, smoothness to roughness, and transparency to opacity. It accommodates itself also, with the same ease, to every form of country by the various shapes, which its flexibility assumes. On the *plain* it rolls majestically along in the form of a deep-winding river. In a *mountainous country* it becomes sometimes a lake, sometimes a furious torrent broken among shelves and rocks; or it precipitates itself in some headlong cascade. Again, when it goes to sea, it sometimes covers half a hemisphere with molten glass; or it rolls about in awful swells: and when it approaches the shore it breaks gently into curling waves, or dashes itself into foam against opposing promontories.

Water, therefore, is one of the grand accompaniments of landscape. So essential is it in adorning a view, that some of the most pleasing compositions fall under one or other of these three heads, *river scenery*—*lake scenery*—or *sea-coast views*.—The characteristics of these several modes are often blended; but in their simple forms, the first partakes most of *beauty*—the second *introduces grandeur*, on which the third *almost entirely depends*.

The

The *river view*, unless indeed the river be very grand, or the country sublime, may be merely a scene of rural pleasure. Flocks and herds may pasture on its banks, with shepherds and herdsmen.

The *lake scene*, in which wilder ideas predominate, rejects these trivial appendages, or changes them for such as are more suited to its dignity. Flocks and herds are by no means unnatural appendages even of such a scene; but banditti, gypsies, soldiers, or other wild characters, are more accommodated to it.

In *coast scenery*, which is the chief subject of the following work, if its character be preserved distinct, the ideas of grandeur rise very high. Winding bays—views of the ocean—promontories—rocks of every kind and form—estuaries—mouths of rivers—
islands—shooting peninsulas—extensive sandbanks; and all these adorned occasionally with castles—light-houses—distant towns—towers—harbours—all the furniture of navigation, and other incidental circumstances which belong to sea-coasts, form a rich collection of grand and picturesque materials.

To all these circumstances of grandeur in the *coast view* (to which the lake has little
B 2 pretension)

pretension) we may add those vast masses of light and shade which the ocean exhibits; and which often spreading many leagues unbroken and undisturbed, yet gradually fading away, give instances of grandeur which no land illumination can reach. To this we may add the brilliant hues, which are continually playing on the surface of a quiet ocean. Beautiful, no doubt, in a high degree are those glimmering tints which often invest the tops of mountains: but they are mere corruscations compared with these marine colours, which are continually varying and shifting into each other in all the vivid splendour of the rain-bow, through the space often of several leagues.

To these grand ideas, which accompany the *stillness* of the ocean, we may add the sublimity of *storms*. A raging sea, no doubt, breaks the *uniformity of light and colour*; and destroys, of course, that grandeur in the ocean which arises from *the continuation of the same idea*. But it substitutes another species of grandeur in its room. It substitutes immense masses of water, rising in some parts to an awful height, and sinking in others into dark abysses; rolling in vast volumes clashing

ing

ing with each other ; then breaking and flashing light in every direction. All this is among the grandest exhibitions that water presents.

Now every circumstance of grandeur which generally accompanies a sea-coast view may be found, I should suppose, in one part or other of the shores of Britain. Its bays, rocks, and promontories are particularly picturesque. More magnificent they may be in Norway and other northern regions. But magnificence, when carried into *disproportion*, is carried too far for picturesque use. The human eye is capable only of comparing objects within a given circumference. It may indeed bring the largest within the sphere of vision by removing them to a proper distance. But this must necessarily diminish their grandeur.

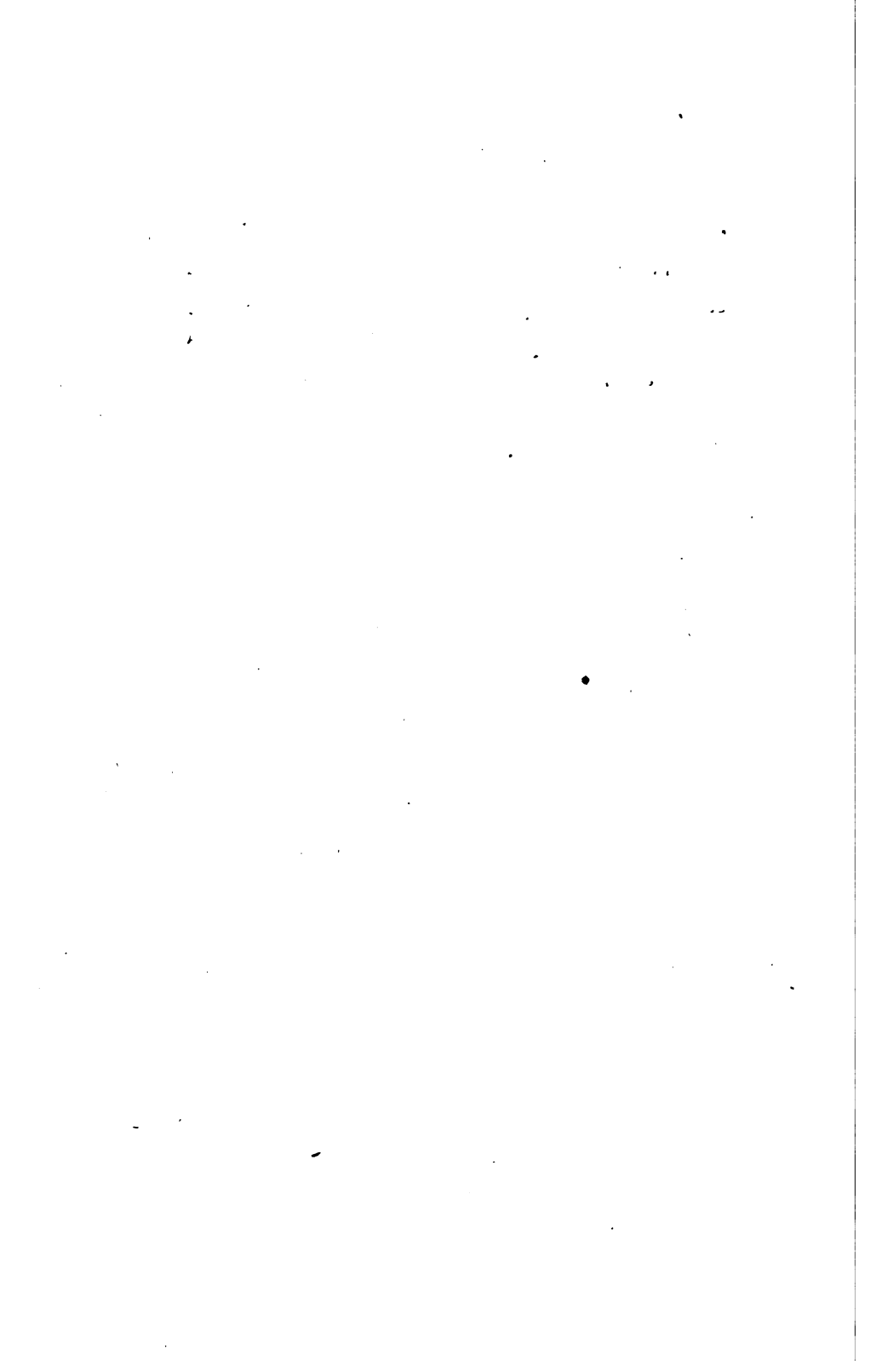
On the whole, therefore, the coasts of this island perhaps, especially its northern parts, are equal to any other in that species of grandeur which is *most suited to picturesque use*. I have heard indeed that the coasts of the Mediterranean, of the Egean, and other seas, which are less buffeted by raging storms than ours, have *more beauty*. And this may

be true. They may be more beautifully decorated with wood and buildings—they may wind often into more picturesque bays—and often perhaps exhibit scenes of grandeur. The Riviere of Genoa, where the Alps and Appennines unite, and the shores also of Epirus, are said to be particularly grand. But I should suppose the coasts of Britain, especially if we add those of Ireland, are not behind them in beauty and picturesque grandeur; and that a circuit round our own island, to collect the several scenes it presents, would furnish a few volumes of drawings and verbal description, as amusing, perhaps, as could be collected from any other coasts.— From the little attempt in the following pages, which pursue only a small part of the British coast, and that one of the tamest, some idea may be formed of the materials which might be collected from its more interesting scenes.

Here a question might arise, whether views of this kind are more advantageously taken on shore, or in a voyage along the coast. To execute such a scheme *completely*, no doubt, it would *occasionally* be necessary to examine many projecting parts from the sea. But if
either

(7)

either was *singly to be adopted*, the land station is certainly the more eligible, both, because, at sea the point is too low, and because it denies a foreground, unless we supply one artificially.



SECTION II.

Retrospect of Guildford—road to Godalmin—town of Godalmin—country between Godalmin and Petersfield—another road by Haslemere—singular piece of ground—fir grove—part of Waltham forest—view of the sea—timber—beautiful road through part of Bare forest—view of Portsmouth and its environs from Portsdown-hill—Island of Portsea.

THE country from Cheam to Guildford was familiar to us *. From Guildford we took the road by Petersfield to Portsmouth. Guildford castle, though a heavy square tower, has a good effect in retrospect, along the Godalmin road, where the town appears to advantage, rising a steep hill. The castle takes a still higher stand, and overlooks it.

About a mile beyond Guildford we are struck with the beautiful ruins of a chapel on an elevated ground, shaded with wood. It seems to have been built in good proportion though without any rich Gothic ornament.

* See it described in the Western Tour.

The whole road to Godalmin is amusing, winding among lanes shaded with trees. The town itself stands pleasantly in a sort of amphitheatre, surrounded by low, woody hills. The church is particularly picturesque.

From Godalmin the road continues amusing about three miles farther; when we enter a bleak heathy country, which runs several miles, with little interruption. Where the heaths are interrupted, they are connected with woody lanes. These heaths, however, are far from being totally void of beauty. They are commonly bold sweeps of high ground, from which we have extensive views, particularly on the left, of a rich cultivated country, adorned with great profusion of wood. In many places the groves and corners of woods came brushing up in rich scenery, to the very tops of the high grounds on which we rode; or formed pleasant bays at the bottom.—Near Liphook, we passed under a row of Spanish chestnuts, which are noble trees, though a shepherd, who said his age was forty-nine, remembered the planting of them. It is near thirty years since I saw
 7 them.

them. If they are still alive, they must be venerable trees.

About three miles before us we saw Petersfield, marked by a low white tower, bosomed in wood, and not unpleasantly seated upon hills. These little touches of habitancy ways make a distance interesting. The road passes through a heavy sand till we approach the town.

There is a lower road to Petersfield Haslemere, which, leaving the heaths on the right, carries the traveller through woody lanes. It is a pleasanter, but not so good a road.

From Petersfield the lanes open again. They are broad, and wind among spreading oaks. Over the tops of the trees appearing in front, at the distance of at least three miles, a stretch of high downy ground as if to oppose our passage. As we approached, it changed its situation, retired to the left, and ran parallel with the road at least a mile, sloping with great regularity into the distance. No garden lawn could be smoother than the whole continuity of this immense surface.

An object of this kind is by no means picturesque; but it is *grand* from its *uniformity*, and *striking* from its *novelty*.

Among hills of this kind we travelled several miles. None of them is so singular as that just described, but they are all in the same style. They afford little beauty but what arises from the intersections and play of the grounds, which are often amusing.—Through an opening at the point of one of these intersections we had the first view of the isle of Wight beyond it.

The heaths and wild grounds, over which we travelled, were in several parts variegated with little patches of fir, just planted. If these fir groves were thinned, and should hereafter grow freely and loosely, they may have a good effect; otherwise they will be heavy murky spots.

About the eleventh stone we left the downs, and discovered rising before us, a beautiful sweep of ground, hung with wood in the form of a theatre, the two points of which were about a mile asunder. This was a part of Waltham forest. Beyond the wood appeared a more distinct view of the sea, and of the island; and we could now
discover

discover the white sails of vessel
channel.

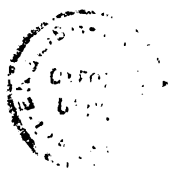
Every where as we approached Port
we saw quantities of timber lying
road, ready to be conveyed to the
magazines.—This is both a *picturesque*
a *proper* decoration of the avenues to
yard.

About the tenth stone we entered
of Bere-forest, which afforded a
scene. We rode through woods
which were sometimes close and
open. The road, which was every
ample, presented us in one place a
regular vista; in another it carried
lawn interspersed with trees; and
doubled little shooting promontories,
either of single trees, or of patches
—The whole is so beautiful a piece,
that if it were placed in an improved
it might be made, with very little
unite happily with the highest styl
coration.

From the top of Portsdown-hill, &
soon arrived, we had a view grand
kind than perhaps any part of the
exhibit. Beneath our feet lay a large

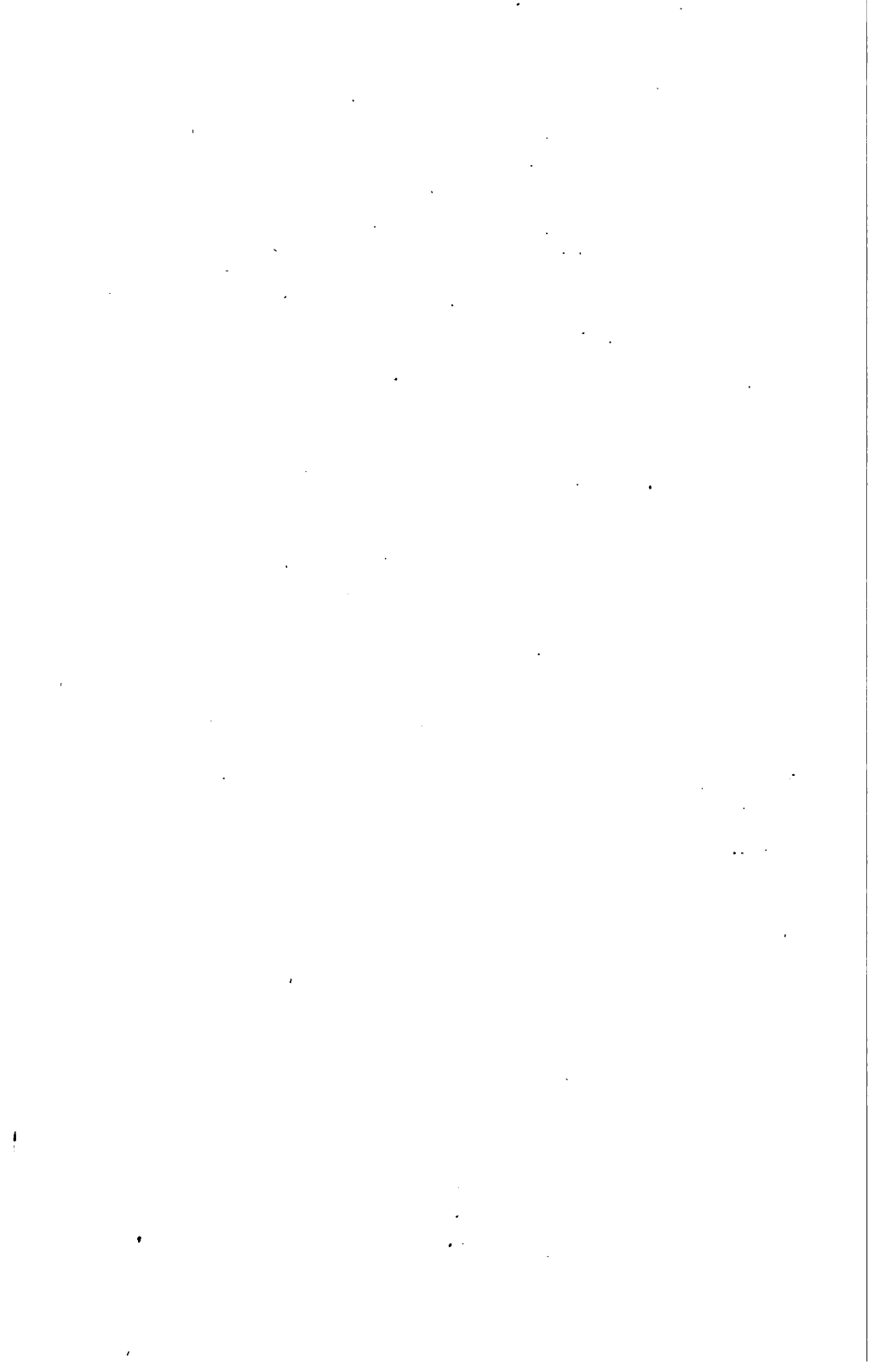
of marshy ground, which is covered with water when the tides flow high, and adorned with innumerable islands and peninsulas. About a mile from the eye, this marsh is joined by the island of Portsea, distinguished by its peculiar fertility, and the luxuriance of its woods ; among which the town of Portsmouth appears to rise at the distance of five miles. The island is nearly of a triangular form : but here it seems to be a long stretch of land, forming a boundary to the harbour, which, like a land-locked bay, runs up between it and the marshy grounds we had just surveyed. Far to the right, and at the very end of the harbour, stands Porchester-castle ; the massy towers of which shewed themselves to advantage at this distance. The harbour of Portsmouth, which would contain all the shipping in Europe, was the grand feature in this view. Besides innumerable skiffs and smaller vessels plying about this ample basin, we counted between fifty and sixty sail of the line. Some of them appeared lying unrigged on the water : others in commission with their colours flying.—Beyond Portsmouth we had a view of the sea, which is generally crowded with ships, especially the road of
St. He-





St. Helen's, where some men of war were commonly waiting for the wind. But all appeared the isle of Wight; the grounds of which bounded the prospect. This whole view from Portsdown-hill picturesque, as well as amusing. The houses were rather large indeed, but they were distinct and well connected.

Having surveyed this extensive landscape we descended the hill, and soon entered the isle of Portsea, through a small fortification. The sea at full tide flows into the ditches surround it, and just brings it within the definition of an island. The whole is a perfect flat, but the road winding through luxurious inclosures, and shaded by noble oaks, is agreeable.—In this island we travelled about five miles to Portsmouth.



SECTION III.

Portsmouth—gentleman who shewed it to us—fortifications, &c.—deception in the perspective of the rope-harbour—remarks on the ornamental part of naval architecture—Vigilant, man of war, how adorned—Spithead—magazine of naval stores burnt by lightening.

At Portsmouth we were recommended to the civilities of a very worthy gentleman, though but indifferently qualified to gratify our curiosity. He was so deaf that we were obliged to repeat every question four or five times; and when we had made it intelligible, he stammered so exceedingly, that the question was lost before the answer could be obtained. His company however opened a free access to every thing we wished to examine.

Portsmouth, with all its gates, ditch, bastions, batteries, and other works, is a new sight to a traveller, who has never seen a fortified town or a naval arsenal. The bakery, salting-houses, and other victualling offices would appear enormous, if we had not a counterpart in the many floating castles, and

towns lying ready in the harbour to receive their contents. When Sir Charles Wager lay with a fleet of forty sail of the line at Spit-head, it was wholly victualled from this magazine, and consumed two hundred and forty oxen every week.

One of the great deficiencies of Portsmouth is the want of water. There are springs in different parts of the harbour, but not being collected into a head, they are inconvenient. The garrison is particularly ill supplied. This set an adventurous tradesman who lived at the *Point*, as it is called, to dig near his house in quest of water. At the depth of sixty feet he found a muddy bottom, and dug up an antique anchor. But no water appeared. He still went on. At the depth of twenty feet more he came to sand, and found symptoms of water. But instead of digging farther he tried an experiment. He bored a large pile, and drove it deep into the earth, through the sandy stratum that he had found. As soon as the pile touched the main spring, the water gushed so plentifully through it, as even to fill the well to the brim, and to run over. This, however, was only the first ebullition of the water. It soon
sank ;

sank ; but continued to stand at the height of eight or nine feet from the surface, which gave a depth of seventy feet of good water in the well.

Among the other curiosities of Portsmouth the docks, which are grand works, deserve particular attention. The new rope-walk conveys a strong idea of the power of perspective. It is a shed near a quarter of a mile long ; but figures at the distant end appear more diminished than in truth they should be. The difficulty lies in conceiving why more deception accompanies figures in this confined situation, than in the open air. Perhaps the confined form of the shed makes its length appear greater than it really is ; and of course the imagination makes the figures appear less. The eye is often exceedingly deceived, unless it have objects at hand to assist its observations by comparison. I have seen a house, which stood at a mile's distance across a valley, appear, when the valley was hid, almost in the next field.

But the great curiosity here is the harbour and all its appendages. Landscape is often seen in greater perfection, than we find it at Portsmouth ; but such a scene as this is a

fight which no other part of the world can exhibit in equal grandeur. It is a bay running many miles into the land, and opening to the sea by a narrow channel, only three hundred yards across, through which ships of war of the third and fourth rates may pass even at low water ; and ships of the largest size when the tide is half made. On one side of this bay stand the town and fortifications of Portsmouth ; on the other the town of Gosport, a hospital, and a fort. Through this channel the tide ebbs with so much force, that a small ship may get out, even when the wind blows directly against her. She sets her sails to keep her steady, and glides out with the retiring waters. This ample harbour is so land-locked on every side, that the wind must be very high, to give even the least motion to the larger ships which anchor in it. We were on board the *Britannia*, a first rate, which lay like a castle on the water, though there was both a current and a considerable wind. An officer on board informed us, that he had rarely known the harbour so agitated, as to put her into the least motion.

It filled the mind with pleasing ideas of the grandeur of Britain to sail up this noble bay ;

bay; and see so many of those vast mountains whose thunder had so often shaken every part of the globe.—There lay the Nan peaceful security, which battered the walls of Louisbourg. Near her lay the York, a few years ago spread terror in the North hemisphere. By her side rode the Invincible which once gave law in the Mediterranean. The *Eolus* put us in mind of that illustrious adventurer *Thurot*; and the *Royal* brought to our memory the defeat of the English fleets in the Bay of Biscay.

The whole of this little voyage was a scene of beauty. The harbour of Portsmouth—the stately ships which float within it—the light skiffs which are continually plying among them—the towers of Porchester—scenery around—the town of Portsmouth at one end—the variety of works upon the other—and the variety of works upon the banks, form altogether a very grand assembly of objects.

I cannot, however, forbear making a few remarks on the ornamental part of our architecture. In sailing round the ship in Portsmouth harbour, we scarce observed any thing which was not superbly decorated with sculpture and painting. The *impropriety* and

formity of these ornaments, I think, are great. The *impropriety* of them consists in *decorating* a machine with carved work, which is professedly intended to be battered with cannon-bullets. The absurdity is so *common* that it is not *obvious* : but if we should see the face of a bastion, adorned, at great expence, with figures in bas-relief, it would be glaring. The earliest impropriety of this kind we find in Homer, who adorned the shield of his hero with the richest sculpture ; and in this he was followed by another great poet. I should allow a little sculpture on the mail and helmet : but the shield, which was to defend them,—which was to offer itself to every brunt, and of course to be often defaced, had certainly nothing to do with ornament. Homer and Virgil, however, thought they had ; and our naval architects have at least these high examples to follow,

But, on a supposition there were no *impropriety* in these ornaments, the *deformity* still remains. It cannot be supposed the carving of these rough machines should be excellent : but if carving be at all thought necessary, it should, at least not be execrable. A vile ornament is surely a deformity : and most of
the

the ornaments, we saw, were not themselves, but rendered doubly ing them over with glaring colour a lion at the head of a British ship should not much object, provided a lion, however roughly executed *some little degree* observed: and in being daubed over with red or was tinged with a darker colour *only* to yellow, so as to unite him the ship to which he was affixed.

As we sailed under the bow of (I forget her name) adorned with human figure gorgeously painted, the conductor, pointing to it, observed it seemed the *best carved figure* in the world. As this compliment was so well given in comparison, we assented to it without apprehension of injuring the truth.

It is probable, however, that the vast society of naval architects, the ship carvers have their friends to support their interest. Otherwise they seem to be a tribe, that the nation might well be gratified from the expence they occasion. They take their bread from them would but such ingenious artists could be

hands, no doubt, to the hewing of timber in some more useful manner.

When the board of Admiralty contracts for a ship of war, they give the form and size, I am told, of every piece of timber that belongs to her. But, for the credit of national taste, they leave the ornamental part in the hands of the carpenter. With how little *judgement* (*taste* is a word not to be used) these naval sculptors are endowed the following story may give some idea :

One of them being employed to carve a head for the *Vigilant*, a ship of sixty-four guns, asked a friend for a proper device. His friend told him he thought a *dragon*, which was an emblem of *vigilance*, would correspond with the ship's name. The advice was judicious. But the sculptor chose rather to consult his old oracle, a book of emblems. There he found that a *woman, with a bible in one hand, and a lantern in the other*, was an emblem of *vigilance*, though in what way I know not. This, however, was the device he fixed on : and the *Vigilant*, I suppose, has to this day her head adorned in this absurd manner.

Before

Before the mouth of Portsmouth-harbour runs out (like a vast court before the front gate of a castle) the noble road of Spithead. It takes its name from a sand-bank, which extends from the right side of the harbour running towards South-sea Castle, and ending in a point, which is called the *head of Spit*, or *Spithead*. Round this point, under the batteries of South-sea Castle, all the ships must pass that go from Portsmouth-harbour into Spithead-road, which stretches five or six leagues; and is well secured from every wind by the folding of the Isle of Wight over the Hampshire coast. Here the fleets of England ride in safety, till they are fully reinforced by the several ships intended to join them, as each is equipped and leaves the harbour.

In the year 1760 the vast magazine of naval stores, contained in the arsenal here, was set on fire by lightning, and almost entirely consumed. Above a thousand tons of hemp, five hundred tons of cordage—seven hundred sails—with vast quantities of tar, oil, and powder were destroyed. This prodigious loss, in the midst of a war, threw the country, ignorant of its own strength, into consternation.

fact it was nothing : it seemed only as if intended to shew Europe the resources of the nation. Such an abundance of stores were immediately poured into Portsmouth from other magazines, both public and private, that the loss was never felt ; nor any equipment in the least impeded.

SECTION IV.

*Island of Haling—Havant—Warblington-coast
of the coast to Chichester—Chichester—C
necker—road to Arundel.*

FROM Portsmouth we took the road, which pursues the coast a of a mile from the beach, three lanes shaded with wood. At the island of Haling appeared a long woody peninsula into amusing road continued about was then interrupted by the d of Havant. But when we met the same kind of road sued it many miles farther before we reached Eamswor ruins of Warblington castle seat of the Earls of Salist merly a magnificent pile; i ruin, surrounded by wood

There is a pleasing mi coast, of land and sea v Thorney islands appear

their surrounding woods, a beautiful lake, when the tide is full; and at Eamsworth little vessels ride at anchor near the beach, which seem as if intended to transport passengers, from one part of this fairy land to another. No outlet appears. The vessels are in fact, employed in the corn trade, which is carried on here with great spirit. In other parts of the coast are openings, which discover bays and basons, formed by little creeks and arms of the sea, running up among lands in high cultivation. Anchors and ploughs, hulks of vessels and barns, masts of ships and oak trees, waggons and boats, are all mixed together.

*Figitur in viridi (si fors tulit) anchora prato :
Aut subjecta terunt curvæ vineta carinæ.*

We found nothing great in all this coast, and it was every where too low to admit much variety; but when we could get a shady oak, a rising bank, or any proper object to adorn a good fore-ground, we were sure of a pleasing offskip.

Chichester lies low; and made no appearance as we approached. We discovered it at
the

the distance of five miles; obtaining, now and then, a catch of the spire of the great church, through the vistas of the road. An old cross is one of the most beautiful objects we observed in the town. The cathedral is an ordinary, heavy Saxon pile,—though the cloisters and their appendages are of a more pleasing mode of architecture.

At Chichester we left the Arundel road, and went to Goodwood, a seat of the Duke of Richmond. The house is old, and no way interesting; the stables are new and magnificent*. The park is about three miles in circumference, and is a pleasant scene. Indeed the whole country is beautiful.

About two miles from Goodwood the Duke has another seat, called Halnecker, purchased lately of the Countess of Derby. It is an old mansion; but the grounds appear capable of great improvement.

From Goodwood to Arundel, we passed through pleasant woody lanes, which ex-

* Since this was written, the duke has built a kennel for his hounds, which exceeds in magnificence and conveniences of every kind, even to luxury, any structure perhaps ever raised before for the reception of such tenants.

hibited, here and there, a distant view of the sea. These lanes brought us upon a common, which drew into a wood. Through this wood, we pursued our way to Arundel. The town is hid, till we dropped into it. It is neat, and stands on the side of a hill, which gives steepness and cleanliness to its streets; with a view over a marsh, and a navigable river.—But the castle was the object which excited our curiosity.

SECTION V.

Arundel castle—Bevis—description of the castle—of the Country around it—Caen stone—church at Arundel—popish priest—picture by Janeiro—queen Ediliza—the empress Maud—sieges of the castle—Chillingworth—retrospect of Arundel castle.

ARUNDEL castle stands high. The park which furrounds it is close and confined ; but a little art might open, and make it beautiful. Indeed, such an object would itself be sufficient to grace any scene. We walked round the castle before we entered. Its foundation is a steep, circular knoll, effected partly by nature, and partly by art, surrounded by a wide ditch, which is about three quarters of a mile in circumference. The ditch and hanging sides of the knoll, are thickly covered with wood, which almost excludes all sight of the ruins it encloses. Here and there a tower is just discoverable through the trees.

We entered the castle under the front-tower, by a bridge thrown over the ditch. On each side of the entrance, is one of those horrid dungeons which bring the power and cruelty

of an aristocratic chief before our eyes. On the left stand the ruins of another tower, known by the name of Bevis tower. Bevis was a giant of ancient times ; whose prowess was equal to his size. He was able to wade the channel of the sea to the Isle of Wight, and frequently did it for his amusement. Bevis only copied from the giants of more remote antiquity ;

Magnus Orion

Cum pedes incedit medii per maxima Nerei
Stagna, viam scindens, humero supereminet undas.

We have the example also of another hero, whose practice it was to walk

per æquor

Medium, nec dum fluctus latera ardua tinxit.

Great, however, as Bevis was, he condescended to be warder at the gate of the earls of Arundel ; who built this tower for his reception, and supplied him with two hog-heads of beer every week, a whole ox, and a proportional quantity of bread and mustard. It is true the dimensions of the tower are only proportioned to a man of moderate size, but such an inconsistency is nothing when opposed to the traditions of a country.

Having

Having passed through three guarded by a port-cullis, we found in a large square, the area of the sides of which contain the ancient the sovereign of the place. One is in its primitive state; another in a low modern taste, by the Norfolk; the third is a ruin, which stood the chapel; and the fourth separation between the habitable castle and the garden, which was appendage to the citadel. The last-mentioned building, raised on a artificial mound, and deeply moated in the middle of the garden. It remains but the circular wall of which is equally broken, with the appearance there, of some other fragment. It is however, the most picturesque whole castle.

The present duke of Norfolk desirous of having the castle re-invested in its primitive form, sent, at three different times, antiquarians to examine it accurately.

* This was written in 1774, but the castle has undergone alteration since that time.

could not make out the plan. He proposed, it is said, if the whole scheme of the castle could have been recovered, to have spent a hundred thousand pounds in restoring it. It is not, however, to be lamented that his design miscarried. It might have defaced a beautiful ruin, and obtained in return only an awkward house. The castle is, however, in its present state habitable, though not fit for the reception of a ducal retinue. It consists of several good rooms, and a handsome gallery ; but on the whole it displays evident tokens of the neglect of its master. The walls are of immense thickness, inasmuch, that a chamber of considerable dimensions, is cut out of one of them, and still leaves sufficient substance.

The country towards the sea is low, and flat ; and the castle commands a view over it, as far as the isle of Wight. It is supposed the sea once washed the very walls of the castle, near which anchors, and other marine implements, have been found. The duke has made the river navigable to the town, at a great expence. The work was at first thought imprudent : but it now brings him a very good return ; and is, besides, of great use to the country.

(3
All the buildings
to be faced with Caen
of the churches, and
country seem to have
that the French suppli
bours with stone, and
were not then disco
Near the castle is
formerly an appendag
In a sacristy adjoining
del have for many ge
It contains some noble r

antiquity.
In Arundel castle
owing chiefly to the we
who joined us with great
us to fast with him (as it w
dish of Arundel mullets.
invitation, and feasted delic
we had most of the inform
Among other things he sh
chapel, with an openness ra
the rich vestments which v
celebration of the several holi
the drapery of the altar, wh
changed with the priest's v

sponded. We were surprized at seeing so much of the magnificence of the church of Rome in a private chapel. But the duke of Norfolk, as head of the catholics in England, made a point of keeping up the *dignity of his religion*. The altar was adorned with a good picture (I believe) by Janeiro.

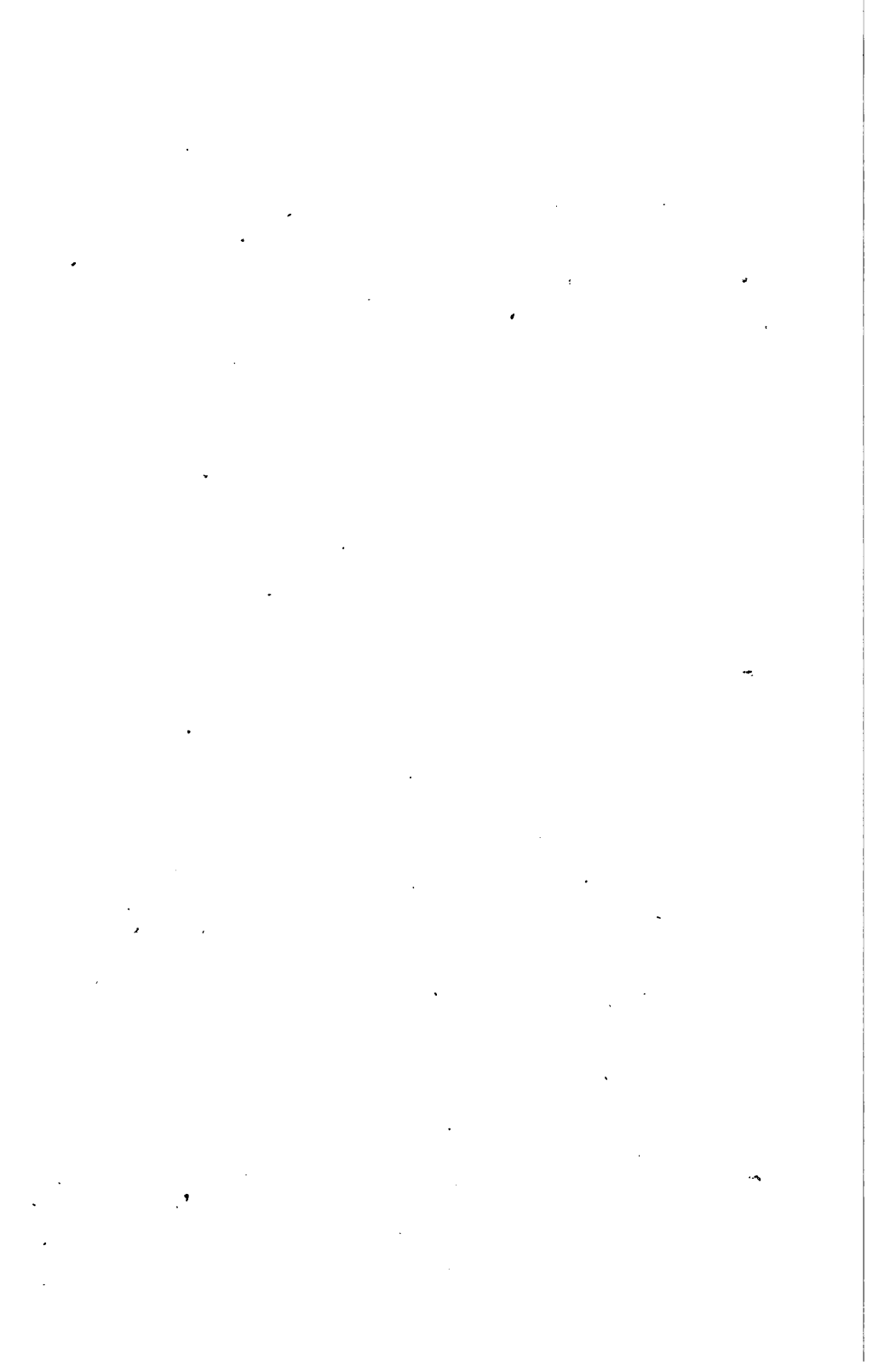
Arundel castle was the first hospitable mansion which received the empress Maud, when she landed in England to dispute her claims with Stephen. It was at that time the seat of the beautiful Ediliza, relict of Henry I. This lady hearing of Maud's landing at Portsmouth, gave her a friendly invitation, which was accepted. The vigilant Stephen, soon apprized of her motions, appeared suddenly before the castle with a well appointed army.

The dowager queen sent him this spirited message: "She had received the empress as her friend, not as his enemy. She had no intention of interfering in the quarrel, in which that lady was engaged; and therefore begged the king would give leave to her royal guest to quit Arundel, and try her fortune in some other part of England. But, (added she), if you are determined to besiege her here, I will suffer the last extremity of war rather than give

give her up, or suffer the laws to be injured." Stephen, who was as he was brave, granted Ediliza the empress retired to Bristol.

During the civil wars of the Arundel castle did not answer the which people had of its strength. It had been in the hands of the from the beginning of the war, esteemed one of their principal those parts. About the end of the Lord Hopton, with a view to a unsuccessful summer, brought suddenly before it; and received summons. But in less than two William Waller retook it as if neither siege its strength was trifled in each instance was intimidated. After the latter surrender, Waller found in Chillingworth, who being of the castle had taken refuge there. The fate undergone, and the usage here of the conquering troops, cost him

As we leave Arundel castle with retrospect of it, the only view makes any appearance at a distance here the castle part being hid, its simplicity, and appears only like an an-



SECTION VI.

*Road to Petworth—view from the heights of
house—South-downs—Sizeburgh—Bram
Shoreham—Brighthelmstone—the coast a
it—mackerel fishing.*

FROM Arundel, instead of going
tended, to Brighthelmstone, we
short excursion to Petworth, passing
heights of Bury; which make a
long range of high ground called
downs; and overlook an extensive
country. Through the whole of
we could trace the windings of
which varies the scene, by forming
places small pieces of water. The
and the banks of the river, are
with beautiful tufted groves and
among which Amberley castle is
When we descend these heights,
Petworth leads over tiresome country
as we approach the town, the country
changes for the better.

Petworth house is a noble pile
awkwardly. It is close to the town

back-front (if we may use an inaccurate term for the want of a better) opens into the church-yard. The approach too is sudden, and ill-managed. The house itself, though magnificent in its appearance, contains no very grand apartments, nor any pictures of consequence, except a few portraits*. It is decorated also with a large collection of antiques; many of which are not perhaps the better for having had their broken limbs restored.

From Petworth we returned to Arundel; and from thence winding, in our way to Brighthelmstone, four or five miles among woody lanes, we suddenly emerged again upon the South-downs. Near the entrance of them, the road descends into a bottom, where Sir John Shelly has a very formal mansion; the groves on one side, answering those of the other.

These downs are far from being level plains. They afford great variety of ground, but the surface is smooth, and totally unadorned. It is a singular circumstance that from Chichester and Midhurst, as far as Lewes,

* It will be remembered this was written in 1774.

these downs descend in a gradual sea; but in the opposite direction *abruptly*, and often forming projecting, in beautiful perspective several vales. At present, how travelling over those parts of them look towards the sea. One of them we leave on the right, called S. been a considerable Roman station remains of its works mark it to place of no ordinary consequence the interfections of the hills & views of the sea, which gave form to the downy sameness of the landscape.

Having travelled several miles lofty downs we fell into a vale and in our descent had a very extensive view into Surrey, as far as Box-hill. In the bottom lies the town of Bramber; of note, and defended by a castle at this time little remains but of a tower. From hence the downs are again, smooth, hilly, and extensive are solitary tracts of land. Here a shepherd and his flock appeared on a hill; which were almost the first we met.

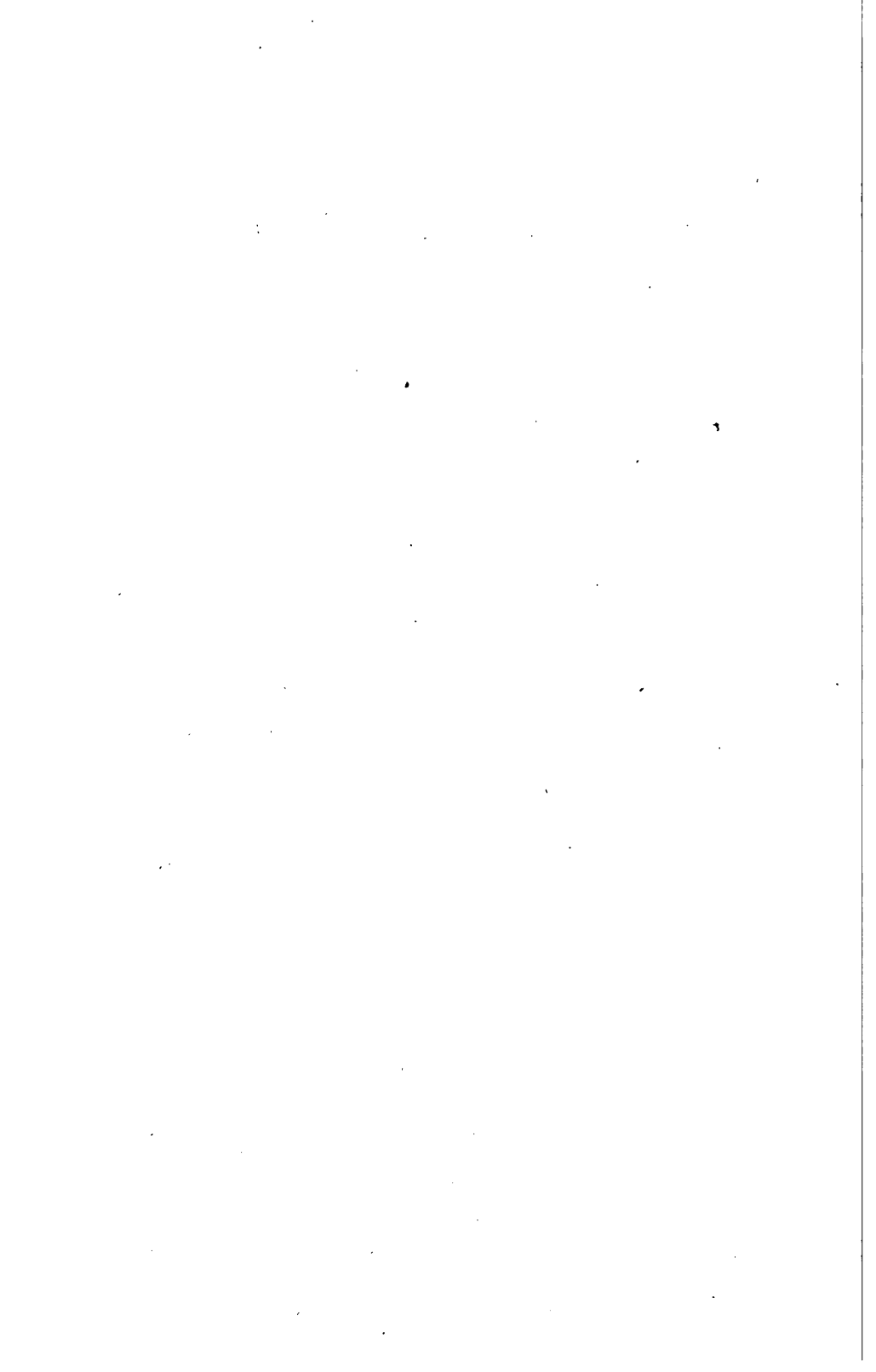
We now approached the sea, which had often before closed our views with a distance. We were yet upon high land: Southwick, Shoreham, and other towns appeared lying at our feet in creeks, or winding bays, adorned each with its little harbour, and coasting vessels.

Soon after we reached Brighthelmstone, a disagreeable place. There is scarce an object either in it or near it, of nature or of art, that strikes the eye with any degree of beauty *. The sea will always be a grand object, and is generally accompanied with some circumstances of beauty; but here it is adorned with no rocky shore, nor winding coast, nor any other pleasing accompaniment. Nature, contrary to her usual practice, has here laid out the coast by a straight line. Natural carpeting, however, she has furnished in great abundance;—the downs on one side, and the beach on the other,—which makes walking or riding an agreeable exercise.—The cliff on which Brighthelmstone stands, is composed of a mouldering clay; and the sea has gained upon it, at least fifty yards in the memory of

* The reader will recollect this was written in 1774.

man. A fort which stood on a cliff, gave way in the year 1812, shattered into a ruin; but it fell entirely down.

One of the most picturesque sights at Brighthelmston, was the fleet of mackarel-boats to take station for fishing, which they continued through the night. The setting when all appeared to be at anchor, and a boat began to weigh anchor and was amusing to see them under different forms. Some in a still calving fails, were obliged to assist with oars: others were just getting breeze, which rippled the water and began gently to swell their sails. The fleet, the water, and the wharves glowed with one rich harmony at the setting sun.



VII.

SECTION

*Approach to Lewes—castle of Lewes—battle of I
priory—letter to Lord Cromwell—road to 1
monceux castle—approach to Battel abbey—a
pedigree roll—description of the abbey—the 8
marks on the situation of the abbey.*

FROM Brighthelmston the roads winds along the bottom of a do the sides of which slope gently various directions. Lewes appearance of a mile, lying under chalk the hills were not chalky, Lewes pleasantly situated: but chalk dis landscape.

Of the castle of Lewes, (which considerable fortrefs,) nothing remains but a ruined citadel ; which has been built on the top of a hill, encircled with towers at different distances. It is not in itself a picturesque fragment ; but some buildings have been employed in making a park around it, and adding other decorations, which only discover how much the impr

his aim by endeavouring to shew his taste. It is among the first principles which should guide every improver, that all contiguous objects should suit each other, and likewise the situation in which they are placed. A modern building admits modern improvements,—a ruin rejects them. This rule, though founded in nature, and obvious to sense, is scarcely ever observed. Wherever we see a ruin in the hands of improvement, we may be almost sure of seeing it deformed.

But you say, a ruin may stand as an ornament in an improved scene.

It may : but it must appear, that the improved scene does not belong to the ruin, but the ruin got accidentally into the improved scene. No improvement, however, should come within the precincts of the ruin. Deformities alone may be removed : and if the ruin retire into some sequestered place, and is seen only through trees, or rising above some skreening wood, its situation would be better, than if it stood a glaring object in full sight.

Under the walls of this fortress was fought the celebrated battle of Lewes, which decided the great cause between Henry III. and his barons. Here first shone the military prowess
of

of Edward I.; but his valour at that period was rashness, and proved fatal to his father.

Below the town are the remains of a priory, but nothing very interesting is left. It was, however, indeed, a house of much consequence, though it was richly endowed. It maintained only fifteen monks, but its domains were so extensive, that it is said they are now worth annually between twenty and thirty thousand pounds. With what furious zeal the reforms of the sixteenth century destroyed these beautiful fabrics, merely from the little profit of their lead, and other materials, deducted from the expence of destroying them, appears from a letter still preserved in the Cotton library, which was written to Lord Cromwell on the occasion of the destruction of this priory. The following is an extract from it :

—“ I told your lordship of a vault (a vaulted room) borne up with four pillars, having in it five chapels. All this went down Thursday and Friday last. Now we are plucking up a higher vault. This shall down for our second work. As it goeth forward, I shall advise your lordship from time to time. I have brought from London seventeen persons, and

carpenters, two plumbers, and one to keep the furnace. Ten hew the walls about. They are exercised much better than the men we found here in the country; but we must both have more men, and other things that we have need of. Thursday they began to cast the lead; and it shall be done with as much diligence and saving as may be; so that our trust is your lordship shall be much satisfied.

“ Lewes, March 24th, 1537.”

From Lewes, in our way to Battle, we first mounted a continuation of those high chalky downs, which we had already passed on the other side of Lewes. As we descended, we entered a rich, flat, winding country, where we found some of the noblest oaks in England. From hence we soon came in sight of that vast, uniform, extended surface called Pevensey level, stretching away far to the right towards the sea. These immense plains, uninteresting in a picturesque light, give a swell to the imagination, which distends itself in the contemplation of them. They are the more valuable, as they rarely occur; the scenery of
most

most countries being broken parts, which destroy the idea

As we passed the confines of we leave behind us the ruins of Pevensey castle *, which has formed an immense pile. It stands low; appear from the road, among distance beyond them. It was in the time of Henry VII., when which it is composed, came from Pevensey castle also appears at tance, on the shores of the level. it is a structure which carries us remote times: indeed, it boasts unquity.

From the borders of Pevensey le miles before we reach Battel, the begins to rise into woody swells. The objects in this district are Ashburnham and Penhurst, both of which lie or miles out of the great road. They plete contrasts to each other. There a grand, modern house, richly furnished surrounded with woods and lawns o

* It is now, I believe, nearly demolished for the materials.

sent day. Penshurst, still in its antique dress, shews us the habitation, nearly in the form in which it was once enlivened by Sir Philip Sidney, and Waller's Sacharissa, whose portraits still adorn it. The hall is hung round with ancient armour*; the walls with ancient tapestry; and you may yet measure the oak, which was planted on the day of Sir Philip Sidney's birth.

The ruins of Battle Abbey present no very promising appearance as we approach them. A large kind of barn-like form strikes the eye, with a few broken walls and buttresses incompassed with trees. But, on the spot, it appears to have been a very rich and noble edifice; rebuilt probably, at least the greater part of it, in the times of the later Henries, when architecture had laid aside the Saxon heaviness, and taken a lighter and more embellished form, under the denomination of Gothic. It was founded by the conqueror, after the battle of Hastings, as an atonement for the death of Harold, and the blood of four-score thousand English, which he had shed in that memorable conflict. When it was finished,

* I have heard the armour is now removed.

William made an offering of his sword and coronation robe, at the high altar. These signia were shewn many years afterward the curiosities of the place. In this abbey was preserved a roll of all the Normans in consequence, who came into England with William. Modern antiquarians, however, have been much inclined to doubt the authenticity of this record. A Norman pedigree was many ages, a matter of high honour; it is supposed the monks used themselves professionally to confer it. Nothing was more common but to make a new roll, and destroy the old one.

Battle abbey is now converted into a nunnery dwelling, and is another instance, within a few pages, of this vicious mode of defacing a ruin. A mixture of old buildings and modern reminds us of the barbarous cruelty on record of uniting living bodies to dead:

Mortua quinetiam jungebat corpora vivis
Componens.

Only here the injury is greater. The barbarians of whom this fact is related, only injured the living, but the modern barbarian injures both the living and the dead. The habitable house suffers equally with the ruin to, which it joins

joined. Besides, the modern mansion requires the hand of neatness and elegance about it; which the ruin totally abhors. It is the hand of nature alone, that can confer that grandeur, and solemnity in which ruins delight.

The ruins of Battle abbey occupy nearly three sides of a large square; though they run into much irregularity along the Hastings road. The middle side of the square is converted into the dwelling; the two wings are still in ruin. I should suppose that originally there had been another side, which was probably taken down, to let in the country, when the scene was modernized; for the grand entrance is on one of the sides; and faces the principal street of the town of Battle, which is now rather awkward; but would have been a noble entrance, if there had been four sides. The great gate of this entrance is a very rich, and elegant piece of Gothic architecture; but, on the side which faces the town; and on that which faces the square. It is known by the name of the *castle*, and is used at Battle as a town-house. If Sir W. Webster, the proprietor, had made it the approach to his house, it would have been perhaps the grandest entrance in England.

The

The other side of the square, w
 site to this grand gateway, con
 two long, low, parallel walls, whi
 in two elegant columnal turre
 walls supported once a row of ch
 they have since undergone great
 Through the common accidents o
 first became ruins, and might t
 have possessed some beauty. At
 idea of ruin was removed; the
 walls were smoothed at the top,
 equal height; and are now obj
 agreeable and useless.

But the remaining side of the
 is converted into a dwelling hou
 ferred the greatest depredations.
 formerly the abbey church; thoug
 plot cannot now be traced. It
 a very beautiful piece of archite
 elegant arches, now filled up, a
 that is left. They seem to h
 formerly to the inside of a cloist
 appear on the outside of the l
 transposition; and the imaginat
 conceive the beautiful effect, w
 tower; and the remains of bro
 cloisters would have had in t

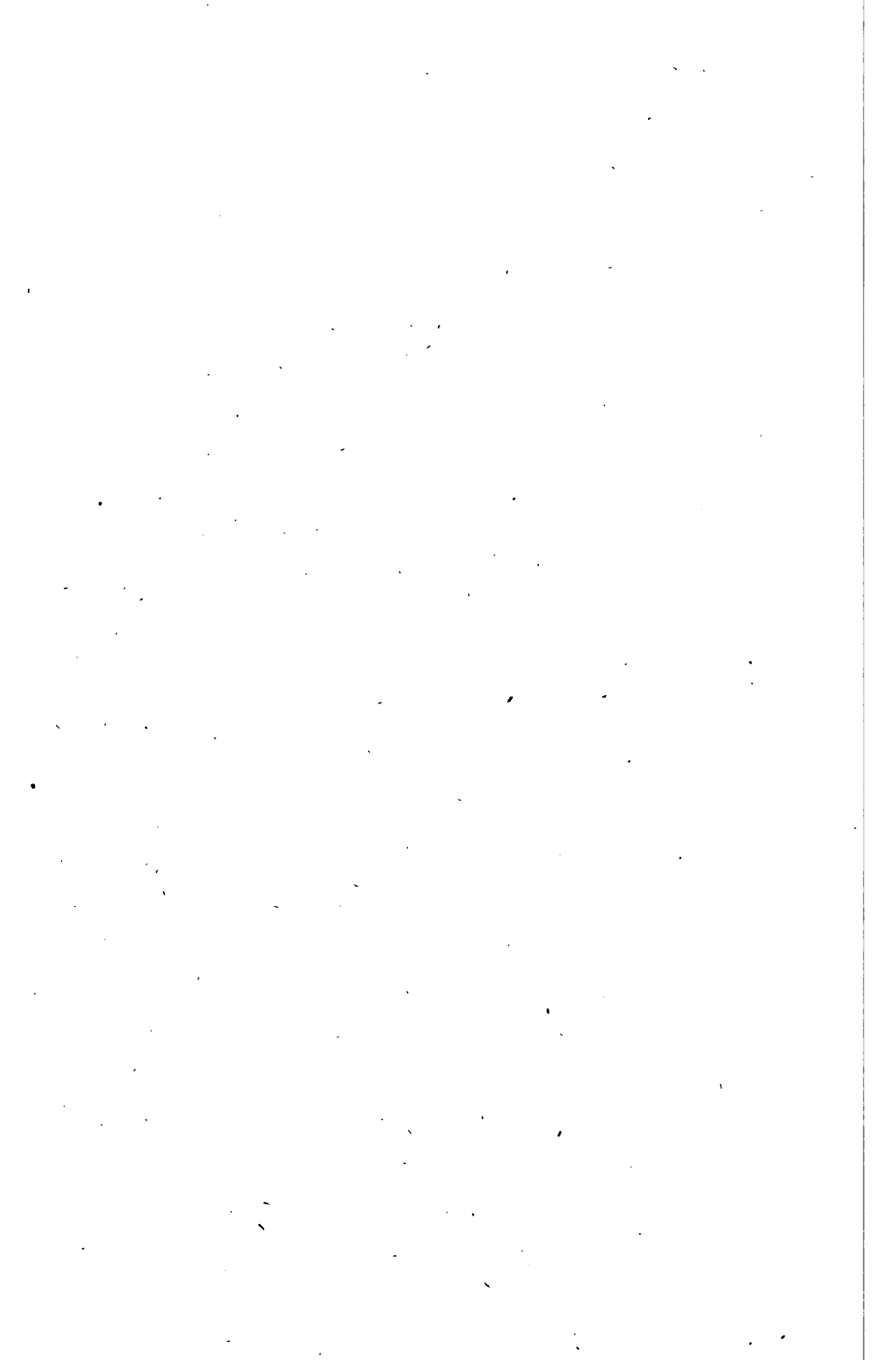
patched, and awkward habitation. Contiguous to the great church are the ruins of a hall; but they contain nothing that is interesting.

But there is a building of this kind, a little detached from the abbey, which is very beautiful. At a distance it appeared like a barn*; as indeed that is the character which at present it maintains. No gentleman in England, perhaps, has such a barn, as Sir W. Webster. It is a superb room; though its dimensions (forty-eight paces by eleven) are not quite proportioned. It has eleven windows on one side; though fewer on the other; but the whole is in a good stile of Gothic. It has a ponderous awkward roof, which is a modern acquisition. Its original use seems to have been to entertain the whole country, when the monks gave a general feast to their tenants. The smaller hall, near the great church, served probably the ordinary use of the fraternity. Under this hall, which is raised by a flight of steps, I am informed, are very superb vaulted stables, which are in as great a stile as the edifice which they support.

This abbey is pleasantly situated; though its site was determined by accident. History tells

* See page 50.

us, that the high altar was place
spot where the body of Harold
is probable, indeed, that Harold
determine the *general site* of
not the *particular spot*. I read
the situation, which appears evi
of selection. In the whole
we did not see a place, where a
have stood so happily. It star
rife; with a beautiful concave
of meadows and woods conf
hills; which form a valley w
Hastings, where it meets the f



SECTION VI

*Winchelsea—the action of the sea
Romney—Romney-ma.*

THROUGH this wooded valley Hastings leads. The high hills which we passed, afford from the summit particularly about Crowhurst, and Pelham, grand sea-views, with a great advantage over a rich country. These views extend as far as Calais, which in clear weather is seen. The late General Mordaunt from Beauport commands the farthest, perhaps a still wider extent.

Hastings, so noted in history, where William I. landed, and burnt the town, a miserable place without a port, and few vessels that have business there. The windlasses upon the beach: the old castle, which once defended the town, is now only to be traced in its ruins. On visiting however, were it only for a sea-coast view, which is

rocky hills, under which it stands; consisting chiefly of the vast sweeping line of Pevensey-bay, bounded by the lofty promontory of Beachey-head, one of the most magnificent forelands upon the coast of England.

From Hastings we pursued our way to Winchelsea; whither we are led by two different roads: but the best carriage-road is by Broomham. Parallel with this road, between it and the sea, run the heights of Fairlight-downs, which command an uncommon circuit of beautiful landscape. It consists chiefly of sea-views; but they are interspersed, with many interesting objects, which form good pictures. There is probably a road to Winchelsea over these downs; but as it cannot be good, we took the road by Broomham.

Here Sir William Ashburnham has a seat. It is much neglected, but the situation is good, and the grounds around it capable of great improvement. We are so often hurt by seeing beautiful scenes mismanaged by artificial contrivances, that when we meet one capable of receiving all the beauties of nature, we cannot help lamenting the chance it runs of
falling

falling at some time into the hands of those who think improvement comes from the sea and cannot distinguish between the cause and the effect.

About a mile beyond B. a road opens from the road, which is a beautiful and picturesque. In the foreground, spread over half the sky. In the oak-wood on the right, and the left, both descending, between them. Over this vast distance the lofty promontory beyond that, the high ground of Dover. The sea fills the landscape; and appears insinuating itself; and glides along the broken shores of Rye, and

Winchelsea (which was a small island stands upon the flat summit of a hill about two miles in circumference from the main land only by a narrow causeway. Except in that part, it was formerly a peninsula, and was cut off by the flowing tide. W

it needed none: the hill on which it stood, was edged with perpendicular rocks, and at full sea rose from the water's edge. An excellent harbour, perfectly secure from the piratical attempts of those times, gave it superiority over all the cinque ports. Trade flourished—buildings increased—churches and religious houses arose in every part—and a castle was built by Henry VIII. for its defence. In a word, it grew into a town of greater splendour than any town in England, except the capital.

But the sea, which gave it all this consequence, retiring from its shores, carried all this consequence away. About the end of Elizabeth the calamity of a retiring sea, of which symptoms had long been observed, began in earnest to be felt. The channel, which led ships to the harbour, was first choked; and by insensible degrees the whole coast being deserted, Winchelsea stands now two miles from the sea; and is surrounded by a marsh, instead of a flowing tide. This marsh is converted into good pasturage. But the wealth of Winchelsea arose from trade, not from pasturage; and the rich merchant finding he

could flourish here no longer, packed up his goods, and migrated to such places, as gave him an opportunity to vend them.

In the mean time Winchelsea declined apace. Its houses and churches became ruin and desolation spread over the whole com of the hill, on which it stood: in so much a town, once spreading over a surface of miles in circumference, is now shrunk to a few houses in a corner of its ancient site the traveller sees nothing but the skeleton of its former splendor. Its spacious streets out at right angles, may yet be traced; its gates still remain—a variety of Gothic churches are scattered over the whole surface of the peninsula—and curious crypts and vaults where the merchant deposited his wines, the principal trade of the place, may yet be seen. We hardly find in history an instance of a flourishing town reduced to such a state of entire insignificance.

The painter however gains from what the merchant has lost. He gets several pieces of Gothic ruin. Among them his eye is most attracted by the chapel of an ancient monastery. Its walls are nearly entire—its proportions are just—its architecture elegant; and its situation

tion among lofty trees, on a projecting knoll, sets it off to advantage. The parish church too is a fine old remnant of a Gothic priory; and the grey stone, of which it is constructed, is beautifully tinted with all the stains, that an incrusted vegetation can give. The painter also gains more probably from the marsh, than he formerly could have gained from the sea. It is furnished with groupes of cattle, and bounded with noble objects—the promontory of Rye on one side, and Winchelsea on another, with a wooded, or rocky country all round.

The operation of the sea upon coasts, sometimes in deserting them, and sometimes in gaining upon them, appears to be among the most surprizing phenomena of nature: and though its agency is so sportive, that it has all the appearance of caprice, it is governed by certain, and regular causes. On the coast of Hampshire, a little to the west of the Isle of Wight, the sea gains considerably on the land. In a few miles farther, on the east of Arundel, the land is deserted. A little farther to the east on the same coast, at Brighthelmstone, the sea gains again. And here at Winchelsea, only a few miles farther, it loses. Many eccentric
deviations

deviations it probably makes on other these few contrarieties we marked in of a few leagues. — If however all variations be attended to, it will be found the sea is very regular both in its depths and desertions. Where the land is the sea *cannot overflow* it, the continuing of waves will make an impression; unless it consist of very stout In all the looser parts, the earth will which is the case of the high ground Brighthelmston: and if the shore when the soil is washed off, the become insulated, like the needle- western end of the Isle of Wight; they may fall off in fragments.

Again, when the coast is low, and *overflow* it, they are continually sand, and ooze, or gravel, which become firm land, and keep back the this way the low coasts about Arundel and Winchelsea, have been gradually encroached upon.

Various causes indeed, such as bold head-lands, sand-banks, reefs of sheltered bays, may counteract the sea operations; but when no foreign causes

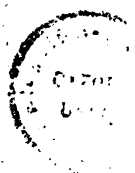
vene, its action will be regular, in the manner just described.

Opposite to Winchelsea, a few miles farther along the coast, stands Rye; which rose into consequence, as Winchelsea decreased. It overlooks a marshy flat; which appears from the high grounds too much cut, for picturesque beauty, into various channels, to let out the freshes and pools of salt-water, left by the tides. But the rocky, wooded coast about it well deserves the notice of the picturesque traveller; and the interior of the country to a great extent, which is hilly, and well wooded, offers frequent home-scenes in its vallies and grand distances.

The harbour of Rye often affords seasonable relief, to vessels beating about the coast. It afforded shelter to two of our kings; the two first Georges, in their return from Hanover. They were both driven by storms into Rye; one in January 1725; and the other in December 1736.

On the day we were at Rye, the tide had risen to an extraordinary height: higher than
had

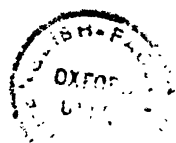




had been known in the memoir we found the town much altered. It had washed away gardens; and done considerable damage (and most singular) the atmosphere was most perfectly calm, and no cause could be assigned its rising higher, than on the occasion of a spring tide commonly does. The tides on this coast are sometimes raised by storms on the opposite shore. In the public papers, a week or two before there had been, at that time, a violent storm on the coast of Holland.

From Rye we proceeded to Romney, that stretch of level plain (formerly a portion of the sea) called Romney marsh, extending twenty miles, and containing more than a hundred thousand acres. And yet it has the grandeur of an undivided surface. It is everywhere intersected by deep sludgy canals, separated into square portions by ditches; forming the most disagreeable of country, that can well be conceived. A single tree is to be seen. Here and there a solitary cottage, or barn, like a solitary

house. The road is generally laid out by a line, banked up; and confined on each side by a wide ditch. The whole country towards the sea is so flat, that the eye never gets out of it. The towers of Lidd, Romney, and of one or two other churches staring here and there, from a naked horizon, are the only objects of distance which the place affords. Even the sea is excluded, though we were within a few miles of it. And yet this country, disagreeable as it is, is fertile in pasturage, and luxuriant in a great degree. The numerous flocks it feeds surprize the traveller; and are indeed the chief amusement the place affords. Though it is called a *marsh*, yet the oozy soil being spread over a stratum of sand, or gravel is drained from all that moisture which is injurious to sheep, and affords them a dry, rich and plentiful nourishment.—But though Romney marsh is so disagreeable a tract of country in itself, and so naked towards the sea, its boundaries on the land-side are marked by hills very finely wooded.





SECTION IX.

*Road between Romney and Hyth—this flat coast described—
sea-banks described—church at Hyth—charnel-house—Sand-
gate castle.*

FROM Romney we pursued the coast to Dover, through the same kind of flat, marshy country, only modified in a better form. It is not intersected with ditches, and affords in many places views of the sea; some of which are adorned with winding coasts. Near Hyth particularly, which lies about three miles beyond the marsh, the shore forms a good line round a promontory ornamented with Lymn castle on the top, and Hyth near the bottom.

All this flat coast, now so rich a pasture, was formerly covered with the sea, which retreats still farther from it every year; but its retreat is so low, that it is scarce perceptible in an age. As it is, however, unremitted, in a course of centuries it becomes considerable. In some parts near the sea, we observed vegetation only just commencing. It seemed a strife between sterile sand and the genial powers

of nature: something like what the poets tell us of the first efforts of creation ;

——— *Primam mundo natura figuram*
Cum daret, in dubio pelagi, terræque reliquit.

A few thin piles of grafs were struggling for existence. Here the grafs prevailed, and there the sand. In another century the powers of unremitting nature will decide the contest ; the sand will disappear, and the whole will become, like the ground in its neighbourhood, a rich velvet carpet.

The savannahs, along which we had passed, having been gained from the sea, the proprietors think it prudent to secure their acquisitions by erecting high banks against the tide. These banks are enormous mounds of earth, running in some places through a space of four or five miles. They are sloped, and strongly wattled on the side next the sea, to baffle the force of the waves. Along the top of these banks runs the road, which is disagreeable enough, when the tide is high and rough, as it was when we passed it. The waves threatened to break over the bank on
one

one side, and a precipice threatened us on the other. The Almighty, it is true, hath set ocean *bounds which it cannot pass*, but we have no reason to believe that man is invested with such a power. And, in fact, the sea very often breaks over these bounds, and asserts its right again; filling the country with terror and desolation. The very evening before we came hither, the tide arose so high, that the waves of it washed over the bank; and if the wind had blown from the sea, and given it the least additional force, it is possible a great part of the marsh would have been laid under water. When the tide ebbs, the traveller passes below the bank more pleasantly along the sandy beach.

In the church at Hyth, which is an ancient building, the elevation of the chancel has a good effect, and shews in miniature grandeur would accompany such an elevation in churches of larger dimensions, and superb architecture. In a charnel-house belonging to this church, is preserved a great number of human bones, which were found when tradition has fixed the scene of a battle between the Britons and the Danes; and it is the most probable they are bones of men slain in battle.

as it does not appear there are among them the bones either of women or of children. Indeed, this whole country is full of camps, burying places, and other monuments of invasion ; which was more frequent in this part of the kingdom, than in any other.

Sand-gate castle, as we rode past it, is the object of a good view. It derives its name from a vast beach of sand, which the eye scarce distinguishes from the distant sea, when the light falls upon it in some directions. A well-shaped hill makes a good back ground to the castle.

SECTION X.

*Road from Folkstone to Dover—high ground of chalk and
intersected with vallies—knights-templars—Rodigunda
bey—story of Rodigunda.*

AT Sandgate we leave the sea, and at Folkstone, which is about three miles farther, began to mount the cliffs towards Dover. A rivulet in the valley where Folkstone stands divides a rocky substratum from a chalky one, the latter extends to the eastern extremity of the island, ending in the north and south forelands. It may be observed too, that the chalk hills are, throughout Kent, higher than the rock hills.

These high grounds are sometimes intersected with vallies, of which one or two are beautifully wooded. Much of these belonged formerly to religious houses; particularly to the knights-templars, who had large possessions in this country. Here also, about two miles on the left from the Dover road, stands the abbey of St. Rodigunda; seated,

abbeys seldom are, on high ground; but no part of it remains that is worth examining.

The saint to whom this abbey is dedicated, was of German extraction, and is little known in England: indeed, the legends of popish saints are generally too ridiculous to deserve notice; but the story of St. Rodigunda is told with such an air of probability, and is enlivened with circumstances so agreeable to the manners and superstitious piety of the age, in which she lived, that if it be not a true story, it is at least a consistent one. The industrious Dugdale has given us her history; from whom the following circumstances are extracted.

Clothair I. king of France, having engaged successfully in a German war, over-ran Thuringia; where, among other plunder, his troops carried off Rodigunda, the daughter of Berthier, king of that country. She was yet a girl, yet of so beautiful a form, that she was presented to Clothair. The king, struck with her birth, beauty, and modest demeanour, instantly resolved to make her his queen; and in the mean time consigned her to the care of a neighbouring convent to complete her education. But Rodigunda soon shewed an utter contempt for pomp, and worldly grandeur. A
settled

settled piety took possession of her heart. The rigid fasts and penances of the cloister, though in her situation not required, were her supreme delight; and many times she wished that her hard fate, instead of ordaining her to wear a crown, had placed her in the envied situation of her humble sisters.—Her destiny, however, withstood. Her age had now attained the prime of youth and beauty, and Clothair thought it time to lead her from a cloister to a throne.

But the *possession* of worldly grandeur made no more impression on Rodigunda's heart, than the *contemplation* of it had done. She was a mere pageant of state. Her lifeless form was in a palace; but her heart and soul were in a cloister; and though she could not practise all that strictness, which a sequestered life allowed, yet what she could do, she did. She religiously avoided all amusements, in which young people take most delight;—she abstained from all food, that was most palatable to her; and beneath her robes of state she always wore, like her sisters, a haircloth shift.

Yet even thus she could not quiet the remonstrances of her conscience. In short, after much inward conflict, she withdrew suddenly
from

from court, and retired to a convent, where she took the veil. If any scruple arose, she eased it by reflecting that religion had her first vows,—that she had been espoused to Christ,—that her matrimonial ties were only secondary,—that her heart had never been given with her hand,—and God regarded only the marriage of the heart.

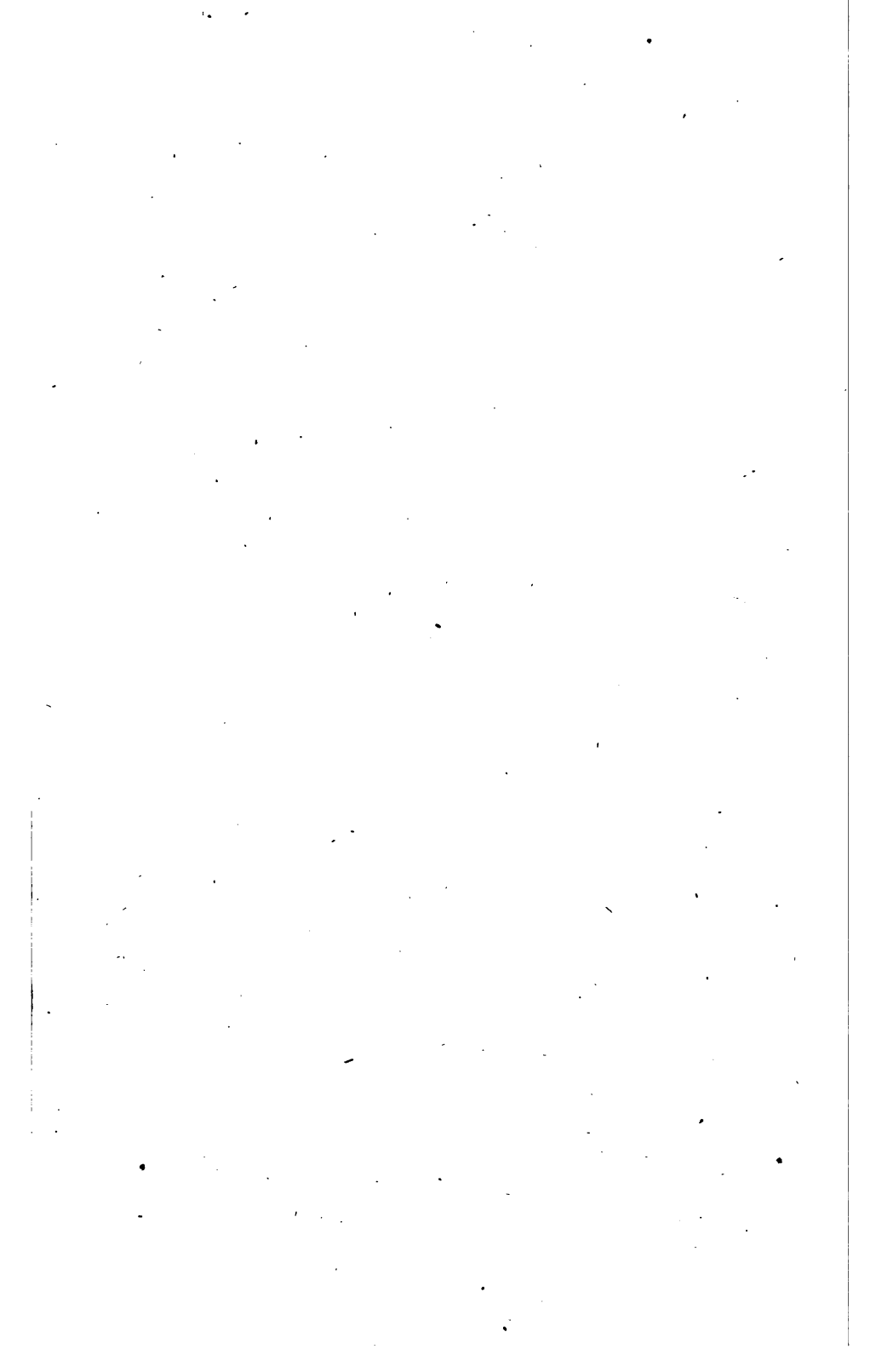
Clothair, however, was not satisfied with such reasoning; and prepared to invade the convent, and carry off the fair refugee by force. But the archbishop of Paris withstood; and boldly opposing the king, pointed out the crime of robbing the church of so distinguished a saint.

Rodigunda thus left to herself, founded the convent of Holy Cross at Poitiers. Here she became eminent, beyond all the religious of those times, for works of piety and austerity. It is recorded of her, that her greatest earthly pleasure was to dress, with her own hands, the sores and ulcers of persons afflicted with leprosy, and other loathsome distempers. Thus, full of good works, she died in the year 1587; and having disdained to be a queen, she received the higher honour of a saint.

Such

Such is the story of St. Rodigunda, as recorded in popish legends; and though it is more naturally coloured, than most of the portraits of this kind, yet perhaps it will still be more true to nature, if we add a few other touches from *probability*.

Rodigunda, we may suppose, was a pious, weak woman; and had her head filled with visions and extacies, in the convent in which she had been educated. When she was advanced to a throne, her confessor, and other priests, instead of pointing out to her the duties of her station,—what good she might do in it,—and how wrong it was to break her plighted faith,—were continually impressing her imagination with the glories of sainthood, which they would tell her she might certainly obtain, if she would purchase them with a crown. Her religion too, it might have been suggested, and in particular the whole monastic order, would receive an everlasting triumph from a votary, who had scorned a palace for a convent.—The matter, we may suppose, was in this train, and the lady's imagination wrought up to the pitch required, when the archbishop of Paris, who was probably at the bottom of the whole affair, stepped forth, and completed the business.



SECTION XL

First view of Dover-castle—comparifon between the fea, and land, rock—remarks on Shakfpeare's defcription of Dover cliff—beft view of it—connexion between different countries—Dover—the harbour—the caftle—a Roman pharos—curious brafs cannon—the noify bufle, which attends the failing of the packet—the harbour by moon-light.

HAVING regained the road from St. Rodigunda's abbey, we found we had now mounted the chief afcent of the hill, which we had begun to afcend from Folktone; and continued our rout to Dover on high ground. The inequalities are neither many, nor great. But from fome of the higher parts we had extenfive views of the fea; and of the French coaft beyond it. We had a view alfo of Dover-castle, which had the appearance, where the fea is hid, of an inland-fortrefs rifing between two hills.—The ground among thefe swelling inequalities, lies often beautifully; but the chalk-cliffs before us were difagreeable. At beft, the *fea-coaft rock*, is inferior to the *land rock* from its want of accompaniments. But the *chalky cliff* is ftill in a lower ftile. It is a

blank glaring surface with little beauty, either of form, or colour; and in *these cliffs* the zigzag edges occasioned by the shivering of the chalk at the top, adds to the disagreeableness of their appearance.

It is the cliff on this side of Dover, which is dignified by Shakspeare's description; if it can be called a description, which takes in alone the circumstance of *height*. The poet is accused of colouring an ordinary subject too highly; but the fact is he does not colour at all. He only marks those *sensations*, which arise from standing on a precipice. Of the precipice itself he says nothing. And indeed very little can be said of it. Like all other chalk cliffs, it is in general an unpleasing object. From some parts however, particularly from the Pier-head, and under Arch-cliff fort, it makes the principal feature of a good view; in which the other parts of the coast retire behind it, in perspective, as far as Folkestone.

In the animal world we see one *genus* connected with another, by some particular *species*, which partakes of both. It is thus in countries, the smooth and the rough generally unite

unite imperceptibly. It is thus also in communities. The inhabitant of Dover, for instance, is a kind of connecting thread between an Englishman and a Frenchman; partakes in some degree of both. His customs, manners are half English and half French. His dress also borders on that of his opposite neighbour. In Dover you may eat beef with an Englishman; or ragouts with a Frenchman. The language of both nations is equally understood. The town is full of French; and you may converse either with them, or your own countrymen at pleasure. The very signs are inscribed in both languages. The same remarks I suppose may be made of Calais.

Dover is but an ordinary town, overhung with chalky cliffs: the streets are narrow and the houses ill-built. The harbour owes much contrivance in it, consisting of four distinct basons, which are formed by wooden piers. The two first are open to the sea: the third is secured by a curious swinging bridge and the folding leaves of a draw bridge complete the fourth.

The castle stands on a hill about half a mile from the town. As it was opposite to France

France, it was of great consequence, before we trusted in our *wooden walls*. We are not surprised therefore at finding it one of the noblest objects of the kind in England. It is rather indeed a town than a castle. It occupies thirty acres of land; and is divided into so many detached parts, that no view can be taken of the whole together, except at a distance.

The hill on which it stands, rises steeply on every side; and towards the sea is a precipice of an hundred and twenty feet in perpendicular height. The castle has been originally built on a regular plan; but frequent additions, and alterations have introduced great confusion among its parts.

The whole is surrounded by a ditch, and a wall fortified with towers. Within this wall the castle divides into two grand parts, each of which contains a strong citadel. One of these citadels is a heavy square tower, walled and ditched round. The other is less, but stands higher. This latter tower boasts its origin from Julius Cæsar. It has been strongly fortified; and seems to have been intended for the last refuge of a garrison.—Besides the ground occupied by these buildings, a considerable portion,

tion, remains as pasturage originally intended for the use of the garrison in a siege. The castle is supplied with water by excellent cisterns; and a plentiful well sixty-two fathoms deep.

One of the most curious parts of this castle is a pharos, or watch-tower standing near the church. Antiquarians are generally of opinion, that it is a genuine piece of Roman architecture.

We cannot, without notice, pass by a very curious piece of brass cannon in this fortress, which was presented by the States of Holland to Queen Elizabeth. It is remarkable for being twenty-two feet long: but it is more remarkable for being adorned with a great variety of excellent sculpture.

At Dover we spent a night; but it was a very disturbed one. The packet was to sail at midnight, when the tide served; and a great company at the inn was preparing to sail with it. I was awaked by the noise of their arrival; and soon found that as these good people could not sleep themselves, they would suffer nobody else to sleep near them. It was my misfortune to be lodged in a chamber, above that in which these noisy travellers

were collected. Here they contrived to make every possible disturbance which an inn authorises. Quiet people would have some concern for the sleepers of the house.—Here they had none—ringing bells—clattering doors—and calling in porters to carry out lumbering trunks. At the same time they kept up a loud clamour under the idea of conversation. Of what number of interlocutors they consisted, no conception could be formed, as no particular tone of voice could be distinguished; nor indeed in what language they spoke. From the sound, which ascended in one confused monotony of clamour, one would suppose that every voice strove to be principal. They happily however seemed to be in high good humour; singing and talking together; while the merry laugh made a frequent chorus to both.

As I found I could not sleep; and as the moon shone into my chamber, I dressed myself, and sat down at my window, which looked full on the harbour, to observe the busy scene before me. The tide was at its height; and the sea perfectly calm: the moon was full, and perfectly clear. The vessels, which we had seen in the evening, heeling on their sides, each in its station near the quays,
were

were all now in fluctuating motion; the harbour was brim-full, and exhibited a rich and varied scene. Many of the ships were disengaging themselves, and were to fail, were disentangling themselves from others. Their motions forward and backward, as circumstances occurred, were various, and the *clamor nauticus*, in different parts of the harbour, and to ship, had an agreeable effect, to the stillness of the night, when nothing was heard, but the gentle rippling, and the water among the stones and the harbour,

as each slowly-lifted wave
 Creeping with silver curl, just kiss'd the shore
 and slept in silence.

Some of the vessels had their lights expanded to the moon; while others, averted from it, or in some remote, or obscure situation, were indistinct. — At the mouth of the harbour, a gentle breeze was felt, and the sails were full. Other ships which were all disappeared by turns, as the vessel changed their position; or as each light was hidden by some intervening object.

Among other fights, I had the pleasure to see, about two o'clock, my noisy friends issue out of the inn to the ship. I now saw plainly, by their dress and manners, they were French; and heard afterwards they were the suite of a French count.—On this happy riddance I retired again to bed: and endeavoured to forget the busy picture I had seen.

SECTION XII.

Cæsar's invasion—the coast—castle—different styles of military architecture—Sandwich—the Downs—effect of a violent storm in the Downs—unpicturesque appearance of the north and south Forelands—Ramsgate harbour—Mr. Smeaton—effect of his contrivance.

FROM Dover we proceeded to Deal, exchanging chalky hills for a level shore. The cliffs of Dover are, in fact, only a large knob of chalk falling down, on each side, upon a smooth level beach, and making a part of what is called the *South Foreland*. In a picturesque light they are of little value: and yet some of them, on the east of the town, which have been preserved by the pier from the violence of the sea, and are tinted with vegetation, are not without beauty.

The first great enemy of our island, soon took advantage of this sinking of the coast. He brought his ships first before Dover, where he tells us*, in omnibus collibus expositas hostium copias armatas conspexit. Cujus loci

* Cæsar lib. 4.

hæc erat natura. Adeo montibus angustis mare continebatur, uti ex locis superioribus in littus telum adjici posset. Hunc ad aggrediendum nequaquam idoneum arbitratus locum, in anchoris expectavit.—Had the cliff formed a continued barrier, it is probable the designs of the Romans against Britain had been defeated in the first instance. But Cæsar knew the weaknesses of the coast too well. Ventum igitur et æstum, uno tempore, nactus secundum, dato signo, et sublatiis anchoris, circiter millia passuum octo ab eo loco progressus, aperto et plano littore naves constituit.—This was the open coast about Deal. It tempted the first invaders of our island; and being a temptation afterwards to others, the wisdom of our ancestors fortified it by a chain of castles. Henry the Eighth applied part of the revenues of the dissolved monasteries in building, and restoring them; and they have a military air even at this day. We rode past three of them, Walmer, Deal, and Sandown. They are composed commonly of one large circular tower, encompassed by smaller towers, which are joined by short curtains. They are very compact, containing little space; and seem to have been merely intended to secure the

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castles may properly perhaps
middle style of military archite
earliest castle we know in Engl
Norman; which was something
fortress and a mansion. It was
rally on some projecting knoll, v
regular plan. Tower was added
square, or round—adhering, or
just as the inequality of the groun
chieftain's humour prescribed.—In
of the area (for a lofty wall general
passed a spacious court) on a moun
natural or artificial, was reared son
eminent part, which was called th
These are by far the most picturesqu
we know; and the only castles we
adorning landscape. The irregularity
original plan admits still more irreg
when the castle becomes a ruin.

The *coast-castle* takes a more regular
and aims at some degree of *mutual de*
among its several parts. Each tower can
some assistance to its neighbour; though
imperfectly sustained. In a picturesque
howe

however, though the whole is too regular, as the idea of a *Keep* or prominent part, is still preserved, we get a tolerable ruin from these castles also; especially when one or two of the surrounding towers are decayed, and a chasm is introduced.

In later times, when the precision of mathematics was applied to military architecture, its last style took place. Then the salient angle, the ravelin and glacis were produced—forms so completely unpicturesque, that no part of them, unless perhaps the corner of a bastion, or battery, can be introduced in a picture—and that only, when there are objects at hand to act in contrast with them.

From Deal to Sandwich the country still continues flat. This latter town takes its name from the vast sand-banks which overspread the inland part of the coast in its neighbourhood. Where any soil prevails, it is trenched and well cultivated.

Sandwich, though now an ordinary town, was formerly fortified, and is still entered by a picturesque old gate. It was once likewise a port of some consequence. A few small ships

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road leads into the t
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Near Sandwich are
borough-castle; which
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From this coast we
that celebrated road, ca
north and south Forela
side; and the Goodw

nearly from one extremity of these head-lands to the other, not less than three leagues, defend it from the sea. It is an excellent station for ships, except when the weather is stormy, and blows toward the sands, which are the most frightful Syrtes on any coast perhaps in Europe. If a vessel touch them, there is hardly a possibility to get her off. She is sucked in, and often disappears. Instances have been known of a ship of the line striking on these sands, and disappearing in a few tides.

On these dreadful occasions nothing can exceed the courage and dexterity of the seamen of this coast. When a ship is observed to be thus entangled, they launch a boat, and fearless of danger, amidst the most raging sea, push to the wreck; and bring off the men, and whatever of most value that can be thrown on board. Many instances we heard of wonderful intrepidity on these occasions; and among them as wonderful an instance of Dutch economy.—A large West India-man, in her passage to Amsterdam, took shelter from a violent storm in the Downs; and ran upon the Goodwin Sands. Her distress was soon observed from the shore; and two or three

three boats pushed off in relief. The necessity of the expedition : but the Dutch prudent first to settle the Deal-men venture their fions, the gratuity they what they reasonably made considerable. The Dutch orbitant, and began to be Deal-men, told him, the usual charge, and could not for taking less; reminding the time was pressing, make haste. The prudent told them, he would give them—they might go about the would manage his own affairs next tide made the case was swallowed up, and even perished.

On the day preceding the 27th of November 1703, was mentioned by the name of rear-admiral Beaumont, who was serving the French squadron

ran his fleet for safety into the Downs, where he dropped anchor. As the tempest came on, the ships soon lost all order as a fleet—Signals were no longer seen, or heard. Each single ship had only to endeavour its own safety. Not an anchor held. Four ships of the line were driven on the sands, and perished with all their crews—the Stirling Castle of eighty guns—the Restoration of seventy-four—the Northumberland of seventy—and the Royal Mary of sixty-four. Besides the damage of various kinds, which England suffered in that night, its navy alone lost thirteen ships.

In a picturesque light, the north and south Forelands make only a disagreeable appearance, being regular chalky cliffs ranging in a line, like two chalk walls, along the opposite sides of the bay. Britain may here with great propriety be said,—*to fling her white arms o'er the sea.*

As the Downs, though an excellent road in general, are sometimes dangerous, a safe harbour on this coast has long been thought very desirable. In Edward VI's. time the idea of such an harbour was first taken up; and afterwards

wards in succeeding reigns was done. Somewhere was the place most generally situated. But on the 1748. a great storm swept the small harbour of Rye, and have afforded more security that season of distress, it turned the eyes of people to a proper situation for the business was lost. A petition from the lords to accelerate the business of the House, while the bill, as the wreck on that coast formed a considerable part, prayed that the bill might be passed by the necessity of the case and the respectable authority, the farther opposition: and that a large sum to carry it into was begun in the year or twelve years two miles were thrown out considerably far, into the sea; inclosed six acres. But it was not introduced by the

choak the harbour. Many attempts were made to get rid of this incumbrance. Lighters were first employed to carry it off: but without effect. The sand-banks increased. It was next attempted to rake up the mud with ponderous machines, as the tide retreated, in hopes that the ebbing waters would carry it with them. But this did not answer. In short the projectors were dispirited, and the work ceased.

When we were at Ramsgate, we walked to the end of the western pier, which is indeed a most magnificent work: but we heard every body lamenting, that an undertaking, which promised so fair; and had cost the nation two hundred thousand pounds, should end in disappointment.

When all were thus in despair of making an effectual harbour, the committee, engaged in the work, applied to Mr. Smeaton, whose talents had been shewn with such success in erecting the Eddystone light-house. This able engineer, observing there could be no good harbour without a river to scour it, and keep it clean, projected here, where there was no natural river, an artificial one. He proposed that an area, at the land end of the harbour,

harbour, containing about sixteen
 be walled in, as a reservoir of
 the tide should daily fill; and the
 voir, being let off by sluices, on
 the tide, should perform the office
 river, in scouring the harbour.
 answered beyond expectation.
 such a body of water, from h
 sluices, carried off the mud and
 out of the mouth of the harbour;
 peared beyond a doubt, that in time
 might be cleansed. About the
 Ramsgate began to answer its end
 ing distressed vessels. In January
 severe storm drove 160 vessels into
 at one time: and the country pe
 down in numbers to the beach, to
 a fight. Indeed the harbour appear
 to answer better than was originally
 It was intended at first only for
 about three hundred tons: but it
 deep enough to receive vessels of
 dred.

At the ebb of the tide this har
 but little water, which is howev
 venience; as ships riding in the
 little distress, till the tide rises.

water sufficient, signals are made, in the night by lights; and in the day, by flags. And it is a peculiar advantage in the opening of this harbour, to the sea, that every wind that is fair for ships to proceed on their voyages from the Downs, will enable them also to leave Ramsgate.

These remarks are extracted from a pamphlet written on the subject by Mr. Smeaton, who concludes with saying, "it appeared on evidence, that in one winter, besides the saving of ships and men, an amount of property was secured, by this harbour, to the value of between two and three hundred thousand pounds." The following is a list of ships, some of them upwards of five hundred tons, which have taken shelter, in different years, in Ramsgate harbour.

Ships.	Ships.
In 1780, 29.	In 1786, 238.
1781, 56.	1787, 247.
1782, 140.	1788, 172.
1783, 149.	1789, 320.
1784, 159.	1790, 387.
1785, 213.	

SECTION XII

*Kingsgate—Margate—Isle of Thanet—
abbey—passage of the Wantsum—grand*

FROM Ramsgate we proceeded to a house belonging to Lord Holm, a bleak promontory, exposed to the north-east winds, that blows. It consists of a small town, the ruins, which compose the hospital. The brew-house is a fort—the church is a battery—the pigeon house a tower, and the porter's lodge a castle. A strange building appears which you know not what to make of; but as you approach, you find it to be an inn. Even the houses, which all wish to conceal, are here objects, in the form of ruins.

Among all the crude conceptions, unimproved taste, we scarce ever meet with anything more completely absurd than the collection of heterogeneous ruins. It is equal the caprice of bringing such a confusion of abbies, forts, and castles together, except the paltry style in

are executed. So far are they from being *fortita decenter*, that the parts which belong to one species, are tacked to another; and though all of them are professedly imitations of such buildings as belong to a grand style of architecture, there is not the least magnificence either in the whole, or in any of the details. If the materials here brought together, had all been formed into one noble castle, the *absurdity* would at least have been avoided, for though the situation may be thought disagreeable to some, yet with others it might have its charms: at least it is the situation of a castle. Whereas to fix an abbey on such a staring eminence, though unconnected with all its vile appendages, would be grossly incorrect.

The only thing we liked in the whole was the gate from which the place takes its name. There is a cleft running down to the beach from the high ground, which is formed into an easy descent. Here Charles II. and the Duke of York, on some occasion, landed; and in memory of this event, Lord Holland has erected a noble gate, at the bottom of the cliff, which is thus inscribed,

Olim porta fui patroni B.
 Nunc, regis iussu, Regia por
 Huc exscenderunt C.
 Jac: Dux Ebor: 30 J

Margate lies about three miles
 gate. The shore here is not so to
 beauty, as at Brighthelmstone.
 poorly, indeed edged with a low
 yet here and there it rises; and i
 forms a little curve. On the nor
 distant view of Reculver-abbey.
 which secures a few fishing bo
 paltry, gives some variety to the P

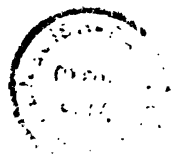
From Margate we passed through
 Thanet, which is rich, and well
 but without any picturesque bea
 place called the Sarre, about nine
 Canterbury, we left the island.
 crossed the Wantsum, a narrow cha
 forms the boundary between
 Kent. The towers of Reculver-
 we had left on the right, app
 front. This abbey is mode
 church, and its two steeples (c
 H 2

the *Sifters*) are of great use in pointing out the shelves of this flat coast.—Along these shores the tide often throws up pieces of pottery, which the antiquarian easily knows to be of Roman manufacture. The phænomenon is accounted for, by supposing, that, in ancient times, some Roman vessel, laden with these goods, was wrecked in this neighbourhood.

At present all appearance of insularity in the Isle of Thanet is gone; but tradition reports, that formerly, when the sea was more in possession of the coast, the Wantsum was considerably wider; and ships could easily pass from Margate-road into the Downs, without doubling the north foreland.

From the high grounds a little to the north of Minster, in this island, is a view, thought to be one of the most varied, and extensive in Britain. Towards the sea, the eye is carried first over the rich lands of the island—then over the Downs, and Goodwin sands—as far as the white cliffs of Calais. To the south it commands all the coast towards Sandwich and Deal. To the west it extends over the woody country of east-Kent, to the towers of Canterbury; beyond which it
is





is lost in a vast distance, bounded by what in a clear day appear to be remote hills; though generally undistinguishable from the blue æther of the horizon. But towards the north, the eye has the widest range. All the indentations of the shore are spread before it, formed by the sweeping line of the Thames—the intervening landscape between the Thames and the Medway—the Isle of Sheepy—and the distant shores of Essex.



SECTION XIV.

Canterbury—ruins of Austinfriars—great church monument—French protestant church—Bishop's monument—Dean Fotherby's—road to Rochester—Randolf—Sittingborn—view of Sheepy-island hill.

CANTERBURY lies at the upper extensive vale, which is supposed been formerly an estuary. Few England boast so much of their a It has been celebrated both as a seat of religion. In memory of it, now little remains, but a few old fragments of a wall, and the ruins of which consists only of a heavy square. But its religious antiquities are but numerous, and more curious. Here the tomb of Becket, renowned over all time, and around it various religious houses, friars, Blackfriars, and Austinfriars, only the names of different quarters of the town, for not even a vestige remain where each monastery stood. In

ground is more an object than in the country; and these beautiful pieces of antiquity, situated in these straitened quarters, have less chance of surviving the injuries of time. The only ruin of any consequence still left, is a part of the monastery of the Austinfriars, which is seen in a good point of view from the window of the great church. On the spot it appears to less advantage.

But the principal ornament of Canterbury is the cathedral, which, though not a large pile, is extremely beautiful. The gate, which leads to the close, is in a good style of gothic architecture. On entering it we are presented with the front of the church, which is equally pleasing. The tower is particularly striking; and the cloisters highly elegant. The inside of the church has less purity of style. The choir part is of Saxon structure; but good in its kind. The nave, which was destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in later times, is of the best gothic. From the stairs which we ascend to the choir, we have a grand perspective view of the *whole nave*. This ascent consists of seventeen steps in two landings, and gives great magnificence to the church. We admired an elevation of this kind at Hyth in miniature.

ture*. Here we saw it in a style of grandeur. The skreen which separates the nave from the choir, is a piece of beautiful gothic workmanship. In the several compartments of it, the founders and benefactors of the church are enthroned in their respective niches.

Beyond the choir is Becket's chapel, where the steps that led formerly to his shrine, are worn by the devout knees of votaries; and the pavement, which has been elegant Mosaic, is mutilated by devotees, who to this day carry off fragments as reliques.

Beneath the choir is a French protestant church, which queen Elizabeth granted to encourage a silk manufactory. The virgin Mary's chapel is beautifully proportioned, and richly adorned.

In this church lye the Black Prince; Henry IV., and his queen; the duke of Clarence; Cardinal Poole; the bishops Warham, Chichely, and many others of note, either in history or letters. Chichely's monument is magnificent and moral. It is divided into two compartments. In the upper one, the bishop lies in all the state of his pontifical robes: in the lower, as a skeleton, in the drapery of death.

* See page 69.

—In dean Wotton's monument there is great expression in the head; and in dean Fotherby's, a very beautiful arrangement of skulls and other bones.

From Canterbury we proceeded to Rochester, through a rich and picturesque country. I speak only of *rural* nature. It is not adorned, indeed, with any of the *great materials* of landscape; but the ground lies so beautifully, the woods are so frequent, and so varied; and the lanes winding among them, give so advantageous a view of the whole, that we were much entertained. The only thing which injures the beauty of this country is the frequency of hop-grounds; which are formal and disagreeable in every state of cultivation.

A little to the left of Feverham lies Badlesmere, where that honest statesman, Sir Thomas Randolph, retired from public business. He had long been versed in all the wily politics of Elizabeth; and had of course been engaged in many scenes, which the integrity of his nature disallowed. The best statesman, if we may
judge

judge from this politician, have two consciences. However honest and faithful in private life, they often, he informs us, allow a little duplicity in public. They are following their trade ; and in his trade a man will sometimes deviate from that direct line, which he may pursue perhaps in every thing else. In truth, the confessions of statesmen often sacrifice to that honesty, they have injured ; and make some amends for their wry practices by leaving behind a sigh over the past. One of the greatest moralists of this kind was poor Woolsey, whose well known speech as he lay expiring in the abbey of Leicester should be engraven on the memory of all statesmen. Sir Thomas Randolph hath left behind an attestation of the same kind. In a letter, still extant, to secretary Walsingham, his brother-in-law, and one of the honestest of statesmen, he concludes thus ; "Tis now full time to bid farewell to our tricks ; you, of a secretary ; and I, of an ambassador ; and for both of us to make our peace with heaven."

At Sittingbourne we slept at the Red Lion.
Our bill the next morning amounted to nine
shillings,

shillings; which did not seem extravagant, though it was within nine-pence of the sum recorded to have been spent, some years ago, by a loyal inhabitant of this town, in giving a breakfast, at this very inn, to king Henry V., and all his train, on his landing from France.

Besides the beautiful home views which struck us in our ride between Canterbury and Rochester, we had several good distances; particularly one on the right, discovering Sheepy island encircled by the channel, which spreads wide when the tide is full, and is covered with ships. We have the same view, only a little diversified, near the fifty-first stone from Boughton hill. Soon after the Medway appeared, and contiguous to it the basin of Chatham, with all its noble furniture of ships of war.





SECTION XV.

*Rochester—Bishop Gundulph's tower—the cathedral—the bridge
—grand view of the Medway from Frimbury—Dutch fleet
—another view of the Medway from the windmill.*

ROCHESTER is an ordinary town; but very large when considered in union with Chatham and Stroud. The *castle*, as it is called, though it is only a single square tower, is seated on the banks of the river, and adds great dignity to the scene. In *itself* it is, perhaps, the most curious structure of its kind in England. It was probably the *keep* only, or citadel, of the old castle, which had once considerable extent; and was the grand defence of this avenue into the country, through the opening of the Medway. This last vestige too of the old castle has suffered much dilapidation; and every thing was sold, and carried away, that could be severed from the walls: but the body of the structure itself, being very compact, and adhesive, from the excellence of the cement and masonry, could not be taken in pieces, without greater expence than the materials would answer.

swer. This curious edifice therefore, reluctantly left, still remains, and may long remain for the examination of future generations. It is supposed to have been erected about the beginning of the eleventh, or twelfth century, by bishop Gundulph, whose name it bears; and who is said to have been the best architect of his time. Indeed, the religious of those days were often well skilled in architecture; and used to build their own abbies and cathedrals. The area of this tower is a square of seventy feet, exclusive of the several towers which adhere to it. Its walls are twelve feet in thickness, and its height an hundred and twenty. The contrivance of the chambers is singular, and may be found minutely described in the *Antiquities of Rochester*. One circumstance of its internal construction is very remarkable. The shaft of a well is wrought into one of the walls, and carried up into the several stories, with an opening into each; so that the top of the castle may be supplied with water from it, as well as the bottom.

The cathedral of Rochester is a pile of no magnificence; but the west end exhibits a rich and elegant piece of Saxon architecture. From the bridge, which is a noble structure, we had
a beau-

a beautiful view of the river; and, when the tide rises, the Medway is perhaps one of the grandest sights of the kind in England; pouring up in a sweeping flood-stream, with uncommon force and agitation.

From Rochester we took a walk to Frimbury; about a mile from it; which commands many leagues of the winding course of the Medway. From its very appearance one should conceive this channel to be an excellent naval station; and indeed in fact it is one of the best in England. It is so deep, and its banks so soft, that little danger need be feared though a ship should strike against it.

Beautiful, however, as this scene is, and under a serene sky, mild and tranquil, he who stood on this eminence on the 8th of July 1667, would have been appalled. On that day he might have seen the Dutch fleet, under De Ruiter, entering the Medway,—bursting the chain thrown across the river,—storming Up-nore castle,—and burning six large ships of the line, which lay unfurnished and unrigged in different parts of the river; while volumes of smoke from an immense magazine which he left

left burning at Sheerness, filled all the distant parts of the picture with a dreadful and melancholy gloom. A grander and more picturesque scene was never exhibited ;—a more disgraceful action to England was never attempted : but it happened under a prince of the most detestable character—a prince who sheathed his sword, and laid up his ships, while a treaty was depending, that he might apply the money of the nation to his own infamous purposes.

But we came not here to recollect the disgraces of the country, but to examine the picturesque views it exhibits. From a stand in a field near Frimbury church-yard, the Medway forms the appearance of a vast lake adorned with islands. This lake is so extensive, that the bason of Chatham, which makes a part of it, and in which were nearly thirty ships of the line, seems only an inconsiderable bay. At a distance appears the sea, with which the lake communicates. At the windmill, a little beyond Frimbury, the river loses the form of a lake, and resumes its own form. All the way, as far as Upnore castle, along the higher grounds, we were told the views of this grand, beautiful river are varied ; though

in general they seem to be rather amusing than picturesque. They are too large for the eye to comprehend : and want besides a proportion of fore-ground, being chiefly made up of distances.

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SECTION XVI.

*View of the Thames from Gadshill—from
river-scenery—view from Shooter's hill
George Young's pictures at Foot's-cray.*

FROM Rochester, the country is pleasant. As we leave the Me up the Thames. Gadshill is the first view of it; where it distance. At Ingreffs, which is late Mr. Calcrafft, it forms a b river perspective.

No countries afford more than those, which are adorned river-views; and what makes views more valuable, is the have them in place the river. For in the first is few rivers in England are of a size corate this kind of view. It is may be too large. If the proportion the land, picturesqu course is lost *. But here they are

* See a description of the Mississippi, in the
page 229.

portioned.—The river also must run through a flat country. High banks may give it beauty of another kind; at least upon the spot; but they destroy its effect in a distance. On all these accounts the painter may study the beautiful reaches of a distant river, perhaps no where in England, with more advantage than on this road.

At Dartford we left the Thames, together with the great London road, intending to cross the country to Bromley. We wished to have continued on the great road, if our time had permitted, as far as Shooter's hill; the view from which, though not picturesque, is said to be striking. From a turn of the river such ships as are stationed upon it are seen between the eye and the city; which occasions the strangest combination of masts and sails, spires and towers that can be conceived; and brings the grandeur of the city, and the vastness of its commerce, together in one point of view,

From Dartford to Bromley we passed through a pleasant, woody country. In our way we visited Sir George Young's at Foot's-cray. The house is constructed on an elegant Palladian

We entered by
 which, on each
 into the apartments, and a gallery
 dome led to the attic.

The house however is chiefly
 a good collection of pictures
 notice of such as pleased us most.

In an emblematical piece by
 the freedom of the execution
 and variety among the boys,
 eye: but the drawing, colouring
 tion. The drawing, colouring
 and disposition of the light and

Several sea-pieces by Van
 different places; but none of
 though many of them are fine
 In the storm the rock is too
 pears introduced for the purpose
 anchoring in a reach make a good
 but it would have been better
 had been fewer. A small storm
 painted.—And a calm has a fine

In a sea-port by Wenix the
 and shade is well preserved;
 sition too is pleasing, and the execution
 terly. The figures on the fore-ground
 good. The building is rather formal

distance too is good, but the parts are disagreeably broken.

In a landscape by Claude Lorraine, I own I saw nothing very striking, except the colouring and simplicity of the manner. There is nothing pleasing in the composition. The trees are heavy : and the figures bad.

A landscape by Poussin is a fine picture. The foreground is rich, and well massed : and there is a display of light upon it, which is beautiful : but the distance is bad ; and the hill, which chiefly forms it, is hard and misshapen.

The Foro by Canaletti, is full of work, and very amusing ; but the whole is formal and disgusting.

The wolf and dogs by Sneider is a bad composition. Every thing is detached, strained, and unnatural. The wolf is standing on his hind legs resting on a deer, which he has just killed : a dog reaching at him, has one of his forelegs in his mouth ; while the wolf has seized another dog, and is supporting him in the air.

Abraham and Hagar by Rembrant is a small, but beautiful picture. The light is wonderfully fine ; and the clearness of the colouring pleasing. It is by chance only that

Rembrant conceives so elegant a form, as he has given to Hagar. She is mounted on an ass, and just taking her departure.

A very capital Rosa of Fivoli, representing a patriarchal journey. The composition and light are beautiful. The figures and cattle are well touched. In short the whole is harmonious, and every part pleasing. The distant hills are rather hard, and the sky still harder.

A landscape by Hobima is finely painted. The subject is rural, but there is nothing in the composition. The light is well disposed, and the execution admirable. The trees are loose, and beautiful.

In a landscape by Paul Brill very little is pleasing, but the light.

In a large battle of the Centaurs by L. Jordano, are many good passages; but they are ill put together and the whole is a jumble. A good disposition of light might in some degree have harmonized it. But it is full of hardneses and disagreeable figures.

A beautiful small Madona by Carlo Dolce.

A good upright by Canaletti.

A dead Christ by Annibal Caracci. This is an admirable picture. The dead figure is lying on the lap of the virgin, who is fainting

over it. Both these figures are happily conceived, especially the dead one; the anatomy of which we particularly admired; its pallid hue also, and the stiffness of the limbs. Over the dead body is kneeling another female figure, the attitude, and expression of which are among the best passages in the picture. The drapery is but indifferent. Near this figure is another in strong agony, divided between an attention to the dead body and the virgin. Behind is a fifth introduced for the sake of the composition. The whole is a scene of nature and expression. The manner is bold and masterly. It is a pity we cannot say as much for this picture as a *whole*, as hath been said for its *parts*: but here it is deficient. Instead of uniting in one mass, it discovers a hand here, and a head there, disagreeably in spots. If this picture had been well united in composition; if the colours had been a little more harmonized and a larger scale allowed, (for it is a small picture, probably meant as a study for a larger,) it might have been considered as very capital.

A holy family by Rubens. The legs of the boy are rather awkward, but every thing else is pleasing. Elizabeth is an admirable

table figure. Her countenance is very preffive.

Heraclitus and Democritus by Rembrandt. The two philosophers are standing on a globe, and making their peculiar reflection upon it. There is great simplicity in the picture; and it is a good one in all respects excepting only that the two philosophers are Dutchmen.

Venus and Adonis by Rubens. Shows a posture of running; and he is aukwardly leaning over her. The group is made up of dogs. There is something in the composition disagreeable; but the picture on the whole is not displeasing. Among the innumerable pictures by Rubens we do not often find a better.

A small view near Haerlem by Rembrandt. It is merely a distance, but the light is thrown; and the whole picture partakes of the hue of nature.

Presentation of Christ in the Temple by Rembrandt. This is a small picture which abounds in figures. The composition is awkward and there is an artificial effect of light. It is at a loss indeed to know from whence the light comes, but I am never much distressed by this circumstance, if the light is good.

A good landscape by Both; in which that master's manner is conspicuous. But it wants force.

Two capital pieces by Burgognone: one is a battle, the other a retreat. They are larger than the generality of the pictures of this master. There is no great effect of light in either of them, and nothing striking in the composition: neither have they that pleasing hue, which generally glows in the pictures of this able colourist. There is too much of the reddish tinge; not those sober browns, and rich tints, which Bourgognone commonly mixes with so much judgment. But both pieces exhibit great execution. Half a dozen bold strokes produce any effect he pleases. The distances too are natural—perhaps superior to the fore-grounds.

In the woman taken in adultery, the figures have strong character, and expression; and the composition is pleasing.

In the dead game by Fyfe, the composition and whole are pleasing; the dogs are particularly good.

Democritus by Salvator is a large and capital picture. The laughing philosopher is brought at length to serious contemplation. Salvator,
in

in his etching from this picture
 thus, *Democritus*, *omnium*
omnium defigitur. Notwithstanding
 riment he had always indulged
 affairs, the painter supposes him
 to serious contemplation. The
 and the tale well told. The
 jects about him which are
 cay of time; the contemplation
 philosopher; the dark and gloomy
 prevails over the picture, in
 solemnity of the scene, and
 contribute to strike that
 painter intended. The on-
 ture which does not join
 the rest, is the ramification
 are too much in vigour
 other decayed parts of nature
 haps might have had a
 would have joined more sole-
 position, than trees of any kind
 trunk of an oak might per-
 added.

The partner of this picture is
 It represents Diogenes throwing a
 on seeing a boy drinking out of the
 his hand. The grey tint, in which

· painted is disagreeable. The subject here might have allowed a little more richness of colouring.

A company of Dutchmen. The manner is rather finical, but the characters are admirable.

SECTION X

Chislehurst — Camden — Bishop Gibson
 Rochester's palace — Croydon — Archb
 ment — Beddington — Queen Elizabeth
 — the curious river there — Mr. Wal

FROM Foot's-cray we pa
 sweet winding lanes, and
 Chislehurst; which, from it
 is often called the Montp
 Here Camden wrote his B
 the original is a work bo
 knowledge. In our heavy
 it appears only the work
 Bishop Gibson was a good
 nevolent man; and Camd
 only person he ever injured
 the celebrated author of th
 Camden has turned his old
 elegant seat.

Three miles more brought us t
 which stands in a pleasant country.
 bishops of Rochester have a palace,

present bishop* built from the ground; and has laid out the scenery around him in a pleasing manner; though I know not whether exactly in the style that might have been chosen for the gravity of an episcopal mansion.

From hence we proceeded to Croydon, a considerable town, where the archbishops of Canterbury have a palace, though it is now scarcely habitable. The parish church is a large pile. The monument of archbishop Seldon is more taken notice of, than it deserves. It wants simplicity: the figure is awkward; and the drapery bad, especially the right sleeve. The bones which decorate the base are well executed.

About three miles from Croydon lies Beddington, once the refuge of queen Elizabeth, where a walk which she is said to have laid out, still retains her name. The house is large, but it is remarkable only for a fine old hall. It stands on a watery damp spot, though the grounds in its neighbourhood are dry and pleasant. The park is large, but flat.

* Dr. Thomas.

Beddington almost joins the
 same village watered by many
 which arise from several parts
 a little rivulet. In its way to
 affluents more manufacturing works
 haps any stream in England
 course. It is farther remarkable
 freezing—for never overflow
 decreasing, and for producing
 trout.

The pleasant situation of C
 ten miles of London, has m
 mer retreat of many emi
 whose houses are its greatest
 or two of them are worth
 larly Mr. Walpole's, which
 belonged to Lord Anson.—
 ing to this village, Mr. Sca
 build a noble mansion. For
 had a model made, which cost
 dred pounds. The plan pleas
 ordered a house to be built u
 was contracted for; and was b
 spot, and hewn. But when b
 he found he had gone his length
 stones have lain ever since, a heap of

ruins. Grand Corinthian capitals, rich freezes, superb pediments, and all the members of a noble plan lie half buried in the ground *.

* Since this was written, the stone has been sold, and carried away.

SECTION XVIII.

*Another road from Canterbury, through the middle of Kent
Chilham-castle—Mr. Knight's woods—Lord Winchely
park—Leeds-castle—Maidstone—Mereworth-castle—
bridge—Knowl-park—portrait of Sir Edward Sackville
beautiful views near Sevenoaks—Squirries—general idea
this part of Kent.*

FROM Canterbury we went first to Chilham castle, which is one of the oldest fortresses in this country. What remains is only the tower, or keep. With what strength these outward retreats were constructed, appears from their remaining often entire, when every other part of the castle has given way. This citadel is built upon an octagon form, which is not a very common one. It is still habitable. A room on the upper ground is converted into a kitchen; the ground floor is a handsome apartment; the upper story forms a handsome apartment; if you wish to ascend higher, you are enabled to do so upon the leads, where you have an extensive view.

From Chilham-castle we mounted a hill, from whence we had a view of Mr. Knight's woods; and leaving Wye on the left, which overlooks a pleasant country, we took the road through Lord Winchelsea's park, where some of the lawns, and hanging woods, form a pleasing landscape. A little farther the view is very extensive; and enriched with all the beautiful obscurities of distance.

We next visited Leeds-castle a pile of old building, nearly surrounded by a limpid stream, which serves as a broad wet-ditch, and swells in one part into a considerable piece of water. At the entrance of the castle stands the ruins of a dungeon. An old man, on the spot, told us he could remember its being full of prisoners. There was a great sickness, he said, among them, and it was common to carry out nine or ten dead men in a morning. He did not know of what nation they were: but as he dated the sickness about eighty years ago, it is probable they were prisoners taken in the Dutch wars.—In the summer of the year 1406, Henry the fourth kept his court
in

(131)
in this castle, having been driven
by the plague.

From Leeds-castle we passed through
fant lanes of old oak and beech; and
Lord Romney's on the right, we
a steep hill, which brought us into Maidstone
Maidstone is a handsome town; a
church, which is a plain Gothic building
formerly been a monastic. At the bottom
the town the Medway forms a fine stream

From hence, in our road to Tunbridge, we
visited Mereworth-castle, a noble seat belonging
ing to the Earl of Westmorland, and built by
Colin Campbell on a Palladian plan. It stands
in a moat. The house is square, with a dome
in the centre. You enter a grand hall, which
gives you access to all the chambers below.
A small winding stair-case leads into a circular
gallery which surrounds the lower part of the
dome; and from this you are carried into all
the chambers above. The dome having a
double top, is so contrived as to concentrate all
the chimnies, by which the deformity of those
staring

staring excrescences on the tops of houses are avoided. The only mischief is, the chambers smoke. As you walk round the house you find it has four fronts, each of which is graced with a portico. The state-rooms are richly fitted up, and one or two of them are adorned with beautiful tapestry. There are some good pictures also. In the drawing-room hangs a Holy Family well painted, and an admirable St. Francis by Guido, in which great fervor of devotion is expressed. There is also a Venus and Cupid by Rubens well painted; and two Bassans, which would be thought good pictures by those who like the master. The long gallery is a noble room; the floor is of red stucco. It is adorned with an admirable piece by Holbein, consisting of seven figures; himself, his wife, four boys, and a girl. As a *whole* it has no effect, but the *heads* are excellent. They are not painted in the common flat stile of Holbein, but with a round, firm, glowing pencil, and yet his exact imitation of nature is observed. The boys are very innocent, beautiful characters.—But the picture most esteemed in this house, is Christ breaking bread, by Raphael. It is better coloured than Raphael's easel-pictures generally





(133)
are, and there is less hardness in it;
by no means pleasing. The character-
istics, which one should hardly expect
not of an elevated cast. We admired
sketches of the death, the resurrection,
adoration of Christ, but we could not learn
master. The ground about the house is laid
awkwardly, and calls aloud for improvement.

From Mereworth-castle we rode through
beautiful country to Tunbridge. The high
street is broad and handsome, and the castle
a good object, being adorned at the corners with
round turrets, which give a lighter form to the
square tower than it commonly possesses. On
the gateway is a noble state-room, though
is now divided into three apartments. It
seventeen feet high, and from its ornaments
the antiquarian traces it to the time of
Henry III. The roof is so extremely fine
that it plainly appears to have been intended
as a support to military engines.

Tunbridge lies about seven miles
Sevenoaks. In our way thither we

through the duke of Dorset's park at Knowl, which contains many beautiful scenes of wood and lawn, on each side of a vale winding through a great part of it. The house is an ancient mansion, carrying us into the times of queen Elizabeth. Its age is dated by massy, carved chimney-pieces; narrow passages leading to grand apartments; and many other awkwardnesses of ancient architecture. The furniture seems coëval with the house; the walls are hung with tapestry, which must have been wrought two centuries ago; and the rooms are adorned with velvet chairs of antique cast, fringed beds, and ebony cabinets. Every room is hung with pictures, the ancient inhabitants of the house; the Dorset family at full length, and all their connections. But in this whole assembly of noble personages, very few are worth looking at. At least the eye passing rapidly over so many bad pictures, and having been so often disappointed, is not easily inclined to stop where it has so little hope of being gratified. One picture, however, was pointed out to us which was interesting. It is a portrait by Vandyk of Sir Edward Sackville, who killed Lord Bruce in a duel. Our curiosity is engaged by a character,

ter, in which we regret, that so many virtues, and such noble sentiments, should ever have been under the influence of a false notion of honour.

From the hills near Sevenoaks are some beautiful views.—The duke of Argyle's house at Comb excited our curiosity for the sake of the pictures; but it was at too late an hour to see them.

On a visit at Squirries, (which formerly belonged to Mr. Secretary Craggs,) among two or three good pictures, we were exceedingly pleased with a Dutch family, painted in an admirable rough style.

This part of Kent is hilly; and the hills are a continuation of those we met at Lord Winchelsea's park. They run into Surry as far as Dorking by Farnham and Guildford.

From Westerham we passed a wild country, and entered Surry by Banstead downs.

THE END.



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